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THE PREMIER AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE

IN Germany the General Staff is a purely military body. It has been aptly described as "the brain of an army." But it is more than that: it is the army's whole nervous system. In the United Kingdom we have lately established a Military General Staff, and every one hopes that it will make good some of those deficiencies which were so plainly displayed during the South African War.

It is, however, clear to all who have given a thought to the subject that this country could never rely upon a Military General Staff alone for working out, and supervising the execution of, its plan of campaign in a great war. The problems which have to be faced by those who are responsible for the defence of the Empire are naval as well as, one might say naval even more than, military problems, and their solution may require the co-operation of the Colonies and of India. It follows that a General Staff adequate to Imperial needs must be a body on which sailors and soldiers sit together in council, with a power of summoning coadjutors to represent the great overseas interests that would be concerned in many probable contingencies.

There is another factor in the case. The naval and military authorities can only advise the British Government to adopt certain measures. The decision upon the experts' advice rests entirely with the political chiefs who are answer-

able for their conduct not to their professional counsellors but to Parliament and, ultimately, to the nation. As a consequence, a General Staff in this country which left the politicians out of account would be working in an atmosphere of uncertainty; its plans might be vetoed at any time on the ground of expense or on a hundred other pretexts; it would be engaged upon mere theories without any assurance that they could be carried out in practice, and it would, therefore, be valueless. It is necessary to import the controlling political element into our General Staff. One has, in short, to ensure the co-ordination of the highest military and the highest naval authority and, simultaneously, to give the ablest soldiers and sailors in council the best possible chance of converting the Cabinet and the co-assessors already mentioned to their opinions, which, if they are to be acted on, often involve trouble and expense.

No other nation has had to meet a problem of such complexity in this direction. As a consequence, when Lord Esher's Committee, so well known as the Committee of Three, was appointed to reorganise the system of preparation for war which had completely broken down in South Africa, they had to work without an example before them. For the purely military General Staff indeed which they established, they had an abundance of models, but in the creation of the higher body which was to organise the co-ordinated forces of the Empire, and to determine what plan of campaign should be adopted in any given contingency, and what Imperial forces should be maintained as adequate for the contingencies to be provided for, the Committee of Three were without the guidance that can only be given by experience.

Under these circumstances the Committee decided upon an experiment which was described in the first of the three letters that they addressed to the ex-Premier. As this document now governs, and is intended to govern, our whole system of naval and military preparation for future wars, and as, in spite of its importance, its terms have been very generally forgotten,

I make no apology for quoting the most material passage in it.

The Committee wrote:

In considering the constitution of the Defence Committee itself, we are fully alive to the vital necessity for having as its invariable President the Prime Minister of the day. Under our political institutions, based on the authority of a Parliament like ours, no body of experts, however highly trained and qualified, would carry sufficient weight and authority to give practical effect to their conclusions unless the Prime Minister, in whom governing power is vested, were present at their deliberations and personally committed to their policy.

If, therefore—and we assume this to be an essential condition—the Prime Minister is to preside over the Defence Committee, we fully recognise the importance of leaving to him absolute discretion in the selection and variation of its members; but we would venture to suggest the vital importance of giving to that institution, yet in its infancy, as powerful a sanction for continuity and permanence as may be consistent with the retention by the Prime Minister of perfect freedom of action in regard to its component parts.

The Committee of Defence, thus constituted, is the "co-ordinating head of all the Departments concerned in the conduct of and in the preparation for war," and it is to "fulfil the main functions of a General Staff as they are now understood all over the civilised world by statesmen who have considered the necessities and conditions of Empire." But it is clear that the Committee, under the form of constitution just described, is, in spite of the high scientific and professional duties which it has to undertake, a "Pocket Committee" of the Prime Minister. Herein lies the great danger of the experiment commenced by Lord Esher and his colleagues. In the supremely important matter of Imperial Defence, everything depends upon the respect which the Prime Minister feels for the opinion of his naval and military advisers, who may be urging him to take action which is unpopular with the party he leads and opposed to his own political purposes. If he determines to disregard the authority of the experts, he has only to vary the composition of the Committee until it is such that it endorses his wishes. There is always a most serious danger that under our political system the desires

of a dominant party, though so far as naval and military questions are concerned they have probably been formed in ignorance, will prevail against the representations of experts. The forces at work are not commensurate. The soldiers and sailors who are consulted can only argue and exhort, they can secure the dismissal of no one but themselves; whereas the party which is urging its leader to adopt measures in the teeth of professional advice can depose him and shelve him if he refuses to conform to its will, whose exponent he is.

In a volume published two years ago, "The Cabinet and War," I urged that the continuity of what one may perhaps call strategical policy, on which Lord Esher's Committee rightly laid so much stress, was jeopardised under the system now established. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Gladstone would have committed himself to the policy of an advisory body, no matter what its technical authority, whose members had been appointed by Lord Beaconsfield. The political see-saw works with the same effect at the present day. It may be vitally necessary for the safety of the Empire, but it is hard for a Premier who is all for retrenchment and small armaments to allow himself and his colleagues in Parliament to be overruled by the representations of men who owe their position to the choice of a predecessor since defeated at the polls.

It may be argued that if the soldiers and sailors concerned find their counsels disregarded, and believe that those requirements of Imperial Defence which do not change with alternating Ministries are being sacrificed to political exigencies, they can resign and thus draw public attention to their dissatisfaction, and perhaps, if they are men of great eminence, arouse general alarm. One touches here upon a very delicate and difficult subject. Every one knows the strong sentiment of loyalty to service and country which prevails among British officers; but soldiers and sailors alike are rightly and necessarily ambitious, as a rule, of success in their profession; and it must always be a question for a man's own conscience in what circumstances he is bound to resign, and thereby perhaps sacrifice

the remainder of his career, when the sole result will be that a successor will be put in his place to advocate and sanction the very measures to which he has not been able to reconcile himself.

That these are no mere fanciful considerations is shown by the present position of affairs in relation to the Army. The Committee of Defence is advising Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman just as it advised Mr. Balfour. One would, and should, expect the continuity of policy hoped for by its founders. But there have been drastic changes which were not foreshadowed in the ex-Premier's time. We have before us Mr. Haldane's shadowy scheme for a "National Army," which will leave us, in the event of a serious war, mainly dependent on the Volunteers and an indefinite reserve of potential combatants behind that force. This is opposed in principle to Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme of a long-service and a short-service Army existing side by side, the latter to supply to the former what was, until Mr. Haldane's day, considered an essential of modern war, namely, a sufficient trained reserve to take the field against European troops. We have seen the suppression of batteries, and the disbanding of a *corps d'élite*, and I personally may own to a feeling of amazement that these steps have obtained even a qualified and regretted sanction from soldiers at the head of their profession. But, in spite of such drastic changes, we have had no resignations of highly placed officers. The problems of Imperial Defence remain the same; yet, though the policy which governs preparation for Imperial Defence undergoes a subversion due to the new values of purely political forces, our Committee of Defence, as might have been foreseen, acquiesces indifferently in the old principles and the new, in the system which was right until the General Election and in the system which is right now that the party in power regards the Services much as Mr. Stiggins regarded Mr. Weller senior.

It is not surprising that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman takes the responsibilities of the Defence Committee lightly.

Years ago, when he served on the Hartington Commission, he was opposed to the creation of a General Staff, which his colleagues recommended.

"I do not see that any case of necessity has been made out," he wrote in his dissentient memorandum. That his views have undergone no material alteration is evident from a speech which he made when the Defence Committee was under discussion last summer.

As the subject was brought forward on a motion in connection with the Appropriation Bill, and so late in the Session as August 2, the Prime Minister's declaration did not receive the attention it deserves, and a useful purpose may be served by bringing its more remarkable points to notice.

Sir Henry said, *inter alia:*

> I have never been strongly prejudiced in favour of the Committee of Imperial Defence. I was always afraid it might get beyond its proper bounds, that it might interfere with the responsibility of the Cabinet and the Ministers charged with the two great departments [War Office and Admiralty], and that, therefore, the results might be unfortunate in the interests of the country. . . . The Committee of Imperial Defence is an opportunity for the Government to fortify itself with regard to the naval and military policy and the general defence of the Empire by the direct opinion of the best experts in the two Services. The Naval and Military Authorities meet round a table with the members of the Government and discuss all the technical questions which are brought before it [sic] *but it has nothing to do with policy, nothing whatever to do with the naval and military policy on a large scale.* To my mind, it has nothing to do with the question of what is the [naval] standard of two or three nations we should be equal to. . . . The right hon. gentleman [Mr. Balfour], if he had been fortunate or unfortunate enough to be summoned to one of our meetings, could not have been asked whether he agreed with me that some standards laid down for the Navy are excessive and possibly in their nature absurd. *He would not be asked to agree with the Secretary for War whether the reductions in the Army can safely be made* with the prospect which is before us of being able to create, expand and develop a force sufficient for the defence of the country. These are questions of high policy with which the Cabinet deals, but which are beyond and above, in that stage of them at least, the Committee of Imperial Defence.

The italics, of course, are mine. The extracts are taken from the *Times* report.

The brilliant prospect of "creating, expanding and developing," &c., to which reference is proudly made, is illusory and is only presented for effect. Our Reserve, as now established, will never even approach the standard of excellence of the *Spectator* Company, which, according to the testimony of its founder and trainer, could never hold its own effectually against disciplined troops such as our army would meet in a campaign against a European Power.

The gist of Sir Henry's declaration is that the people who know are to have no voice in determining what are the naval and military forces which the Empire needs for its safety. When politicians have settled what forces it will be popular to maintain, the experts may advise the Government as to the best means of organising the army, due regard being always had to the political exigencies of the moment. Sir Henry has learnt as little from the campaigns in South Africa and Eastern Asia as Mr. Byles and Mr. Keir Hardie.

The Premier proceeded to give an instance of the kind of subject which is now withdrawn from the consideration of the Committee of Imperial Defence:

> I do not say [he observed] that the two-power standard is not sometimes a very reasonable thing, but when the two Powers you take [Mr. Balfour had alluded to France and Germany] are the two Powers who are perhaps more likely to be antagonistic to each other than any other two Powers you can find on the continent of Europe, when you know that we are in close relations of friendship with one of those Powers, recently established and approved by public instruments, when we know also that we are on excellent terms both with the people and the Government of the other Power, *when we know, further, that if these two Powers are building ships fast they are building them against each other,* to suggest that we should take these two Powers as the test and criterion of how much money we should expend on our navy and what strength the navy should be, is, I think, to use a phrase already used, what may be called a preposterous idea.

So it is for the politician, seeking popularity through economy, *coûte que coûte*, to determine what are the purposes of German naval construction; the expert is only called in to discuss other topics, after the politician has made up his mind.

The conditions of naval and military safety for the Empire are not problems within the competency of the Defence Committee, which is instructed on such points by the Cabinet. And this is the Committee which *in the mind of those who created it* was to "fulfil the main functions of a General Staff as they are now understood all over the civilised world by statesmen who have considered the necessities of Empire."

One may be thankful for the fact that all our leading politicians do not share Sir Henry's opinions. Mr. Balfour, on the occasion of the same debate, showed that he had risen to a comprehension of what patriotism demands when the security of the Empire is being discussed between the Head of the Cabinet and those who are able to advise him soundly on Service matters. He said:

> I can well understand that the Defence Committee might be asked to consider or reconsider such a problem as the two-Power standard for naval defence, for it is a question that touches so many interests that it cannot properly be regarded solely as a naval question.

And again:

> There is no doctrine more clear than that it is the gravest mistake to diminish the amount of your regular forces until the expansible Army on which you have to rely in the event of a sudden struggle for national existence is in working order. The Government take exactly the opposite view. They are sanguine that they will be able to find an expansible Army. [Mr. Haldane dissented]. Well, I can only read their speeches in our three Parliamentary debates as meaning that the Government have absolutely resolved that the Regular Army is to be largely diminished, although they have not got anything like an expansible Army. *Suppose I had been present at the discussion of that great question, I should have urged on the Defence Committee what I am now urging.*

These quotations plainly show the difference between the spirit in which a Unionist Cabinet approaches the subject of Imperial Defence and that which prevails when a Radical Ministry takes up the question. Mr. Balfour recognises that the great naval and military problems to be solved should be discussed by those who understand them, and that the politician should be guided by the conclusions of the expert. On these

lines, the Defence Committee might really be regarded as a General Staff, and as supplying an invaluable safeguard against neglect of precautions and misunderstanding of the needs of the Services.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman relies on the self-sufficiency of the politician to evolve a naval and military policy which will be popular in any case and specious enough to impose on those who have no expert knowledge; he sets at naught the counsels of his expert advisers on the most important, the governing, points of Imperial Defence, and uses his professional colleagues as mere subordinates who are to explain, without criticism, how the untutored but dominant conceptions of the Government can be carried out. In his hands the Defence Committee is more than useless; it gives to the public a false sense of security, and the soldiers and sailors who serve on it are merely unwilling parties to the deception.

W. Evans-Gordon.

A BOER POET

ON February 27, 1900, the battalion to which I belonged paraded on the northern banks of the Tugela to take part in the general attack, which Sir Redvers Buller's force was to make on the Boer position at Pieter's Hill. During the advance which took place "by rushes," my company took cover for a few moments behind some breastworks of stones which had afforded protection to a Boer outpost on the preceding days.

Underneath a large stone I found a manuscript which I glanced at and placed in my haversack.

It was sent home subsequently as a memento of the action at Pieter's Hill, and lay in a cupboard till quite recently, when it occurred to me to have it translated.

The manuscript consists of a series of poems written in the "Taal," evidently by an uneducated man; in short, by a typical specimen of the rank and file of the Boer army.

Poetical ideas there are none, and the only interest in the work lies in the fact that it was written in the field, when the writer was face to face with the enemy, and expresses in simplest form the actual thoughts and feelings of the Boer at that time. No attempt to versify has been made in the selection that follows (the verses have merely been translated word for word).

Many of the writer's efforts are very much alike, and it is not worth while reproducing them all.

I have selected those which seem of most interest to an English reader.

The MS. is written in ink, the handwriting being perfectly clear, but obviously that of a more or less uneducated man. The writer's name, W. Du Plessis, appears on the first page.

The first piece in the book which is headed "Poem 3" gives an account of the battle of Talana on October 20.

Burgher Du Plessis states somewhat vaguely that nearly a thousand British troops fell near "that hill," and it is interesting to note that the actual British loss in killed and wounded actually amounted to 326.

"After this," he says still more vaguely, "Oom Piet" (Joubert) began his shooting. This refers presumably to the shelling of Dundee by the Boers on October 22, two days after the battle of Talana.

POEM III.

My friends, again another song
A true account of what happened to us.
It was on the 19th October
When we all were sober
And suddenly heard the cry of Saddle up!
We were busily engaged in collecting our horses.
After having saddled up, we mustered
And separated after an affecting sermon
Delivered by our pastor Burgher
Who remained behind praying.
The night was boisterous and wet
But the Lord led us with His Blessing.
We travelled all night with chattering teeth
And mounted the hill during the inky night.
At daybreak we heard continued cheering and hurrahs
For facing us was Dundee.
It was still early morning when the cannon were placed in position
Discharging their contents in the camp and breaking it up.

My friends, this is a true record of how terrible was the battle of Dundee.
We lost one hundred and ten men on the stony hill of Dundee.
When the English fired their guns into us our losses proved to be equal.
We had to fly from our positions carrying our kettles on our backs.
Our Commander and fighting General had not judged their tactics
For had he constructed a proper barricade and trusted more in the Lord
Our victory would have been great and our losses have been less.
In the afternoon of the day of the battle
The Commander made me laugh, he rubbed his hands whilst
Stepping round and then suddenly exclaimed, "I have lost my arm."
He could not help himself, it was his own fault for being too courageous.
We returned from the line of fighting but nobody could accuse us of running away.
I must mention also that the battle remained undecided; we marched
Steadily on without a murmur or complaint.
Reports were handed in from all sides to Field cornet and Commander
Our loss was fearfully heavy, but the troops (regulars) lost more.
Nearly a thousand of them fell near that hill, and when we left it
Oom Piet began his shooting.
Our General Commander Oom Piet was not far away, he drove them out
Of camp and confiscated their horses, ammunition, clothes and provisions
And used them as best as he could.

And now my friends may the Lord Almighty bless us daily, for His
Mighty power will disperse England's great army.
Praise the Lord. Praise His mighty power for this is the Lord's and the Lord's only.

Another song on the Battle of Talana refers to the capture of a party of our cavalry on that day :

SONG.

A cry of war was heard. Hurrah!
The Boers are trekking steadily. Hurrah!
We were at Sandspruit for some time and thence moved on to Volksrust.
Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Long live South Africa.

After great sufferings and want of food we trekked away from Volksrust,
Until we arrived at Dundee where battle was given to us.
Chorus.

We fought courageously and shed our precious blood,
But it was in the Lord God that we pinned our faith.
Chorus.

It was during the fight on the hill that the English to our consternation sent
Their horsemen into our flanks.
Chorus.

But our Burghers who were shedding their precious blood gained courage, mounted
Their horses and despatched the English.
Chorus.

They repulsed them like wild animals although they tried to
Annihilate our Burghers.
Chorus.

Our General approached them with the State artillery whilst
the Commandant
Who had meanwhile also arrived belaboured them with shell.
Chorus.

This evidently frightened them for they were all caught, as is
generally the
Case with the British army who rely too much upon their own
power.
Chorus.

But our power is the Lord's who blesses us repeatedly.
Therefore your Majesty do not rely too much on your courage.
Chorus.

Next follows a sort of pæan, which shows very clearly the elation the Boers felt after their first victories, and the confidence in the ultimate success of their arms which was such an important factor in the protracted struggle:

Come brothers let us sing a song
In honour of our great country,
For he who does not share our feelings
Cannot claim to be a brother.
Chorus
Let us shout, let us sing,
Let our song for ever ring;
No country on the globe so free
As Transvaal so beloved by me.
No stranger nor foreign ruler
Shall rule our dear country.
So sing and praise with loud voice and without restraint.
Chorns: Let us shout, &c.

It is Oom Paul, our President by the Lord's will,
Who lives for South Africa, in whom we trust.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

He ruled our land with steadfastness and great knowledge,
We fight for our free country and praise the Lord.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

We can never forget that Natal is ours
For which our parents have shed their life's blood.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

And therefore Brothers it is time to rouse yourselves,
For whether we live or die the war is a righteous one
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

Stand firm for freedom and justice
For Natal is our property and we cling to it.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

Let us bow to the decision of the Lord,
The Director of the Universe, and let us praise Him, whatever fate He has decreed for us.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

Let us sing a song in honour of our justice, for he is no brother
Who refuses to fight for it.
Chorus: Let us shout, &c.

The Boer's mind was always filled with thoughts of his wife and home, so it is not strange to find the following curious theme written probably during the tedious hours of outpost duty. This dialogue as well as two prayers are the only pieces of prose in the MS.

STRIFE BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

HUSBAND: Now then old lady own up, was not our coffee watery last night? Not that it matters much, for it is but human to err. I also have my faults, but right is right, and that coffee was horrible.

WIFE: Thanks for your compliment, governor; what do you mean? Listen to the brute. My heart aches being treated as a child.

HUSBAND (calmly): No, no, Johanna; you are my wife and you know I love you; yet you cannot deny it. Cease cackling like a hen; I repeat it that our coffee after church last night was anything but strong.

WIFE: Now listen to him and the bother he makes about this coffee. Do I say anything about your verses? Kaatje (Kate) darling, why should a man like this destroy our peace. It is too bad, my heart seems to jump into my throat, and . . .

HUSBAND: Peace, Johanna! It is no use to make all this disturbance; maybe that you are right, for personally I am a bad hand at making coffee, but I maintain that the coffee we had last night after coming home from church was far from strong.

WIFE: Why did the Lord make me marry such an old humbug. I wish you . . . I wish you . . .

HUSBAND: Now then mother, stop it. The Lord has joined us together and you should profit by the lesson and not be obstinate. One thing is certain, however, that last night's coffee was not strong.

WIFE: You are crazy, and you are a lying fool. I wish I had never set eyes on you. I wish there never was any coffee grown, and I wish you could be turned into a coffee-bag. I never dreamt that on the day I married you and gave you my hand and heart, I married a coffee-bag. It is too bad.

HUSBAND: Dear, dear, I am sorry Johanna. Our children should not hear the altercations between their parents. There is no need to make a mountain out of a mole-hill. You mean well and do well, but one thing I will say, make your coffee strong.

WIFE: Tut, tut, dear sir, your talk won't wash. You plainly show that you are no man, you are a beast.

HUSBAND: We have now been married thirteen years and have never had a quarrel yet. I am sorry, Johanna, that we should start now, and that over a dish of coffee, which was far from strong.

WIFE: Good-bye, old coffee-bag, you better look out for another who can make your coffee, and when you find her let me know, for from that hour we part (wife cries bitterly). I would have been ten thousand times better off had I never met you . . . oh! . . . oh! . . .

HUSBAND: No, no, dear wife! I own I was wrong. I did not sufficiently control my tongue. I will never contradict you again, dear, so long as you remember that I wish you to make my coffee strong.

Women are dear creatures, indeed, but sometimes they have funny notions, and we husbands should always remember to keep a still tongue in our heads, for however lovely and beautiful woman may be, she can always get over her husband and make him feel ashamed of himself.

The next lines were evidently written in January 1900, after the arrival of Lord Roberts in South Africa; it is curious to note the fact that Lord Kitchener was supposed to have taken over Sir Redvers Buller's "command."

Wonder, oh, what a great wonder,
England's might is on the wane,
It is the will of the Lord to lower England's fame.

Penn Symons, the Commanding General at Dundee, has fallen

already after one day's fighting, showing him God's great power.

George White, who is still in Ladysmith, is now besieged. May the Lord pardon him for his deeds and grant him His glory.

Baden Powell is still locked up as in a vice in Mafeking, and although he makes a great noise he repeatedly creeps back like a mouse.

Lord Methuen, with his army on the banks of the Modder River, made a straight line for Kimberley, where he was completely beaten in battle. He undoubtedly intended to relieve Kimberley, but in trying to attempt it he lost a leg, and now hobbles about on an artificial one.

Oom Piet, our valiant leader, had long ago prophesied that he could fight him on all points and smother the redcoats in their own blood.

It was decided in their despatch that Lord Methuen should move toward Kekewitch, who threatened us day by day waiting for Methuen.

They will never succeed, and although they advance they will have to fall back, since our true and benevolent Lord is watching our lives.

Where did they celebrate their Christmas? Miles away from Modder River, and the last we heard from them was from the Colony in Nieuwpoort.

Gataeker also tried to give battle at Stormberg, but had unexpectedly to retire with a great loss.

Then came that mighty Sir Redvers Buller, with his guns and soldiers, all the way from Durban, to give battle at Colenso, bringing enormous supplies, and accompanied by a great staff of officers. To his sorrow and shame he lost all over the line. They call him the British hero; with all his glory he relies on his brutality, never giving justice a thought.

In spite of all we keep fighting, for ours is a just fight, and the Lord is merciful to us.

Look at them standing there frightened of Oom Piet. Any one aware of the heroic deeds of Sir Redvers Buller can never forget him, for scarcely had he posted his troops when Lord Kitchener was ordered to take over his commando. Now why all this changing—what is their gain? They all meet with the same doom through the help of our Lord.

Now they are fighting at besieged Ladysmith. We certainly suffered a great loss, yet it brings us nearer our goal.

It is on Thy power we rely. Grant us help and power so that our enemies know that Thou art our God in Heaven.

The Boer's views regarding Mr. Chamberlain are not without interest.

Long ago the great Chamberlain has threatened us and repeated his threat of war over and over again, and although our President Oom Paul has been able to avoid this grave issue, he has got the better of him and coerced him in declaring war.

Now where is Chamberlain and his confidence? Flying all along the line. Where is her Majesty's great army? We are in Dundee! It was a terrible battle, but it drove them seawards. But Ladysmith is still holding up you will say. What do we care for that? With the men shut in we do not fear any danger from that quarter.

Chamberlain thought that when once over here with his great British Army he would have an easy task, but he miscalculated matters, when thinking that he would drive the Boers to flight.

It was quite a different tale when he had to cry, as he intended that we should have to do, and had to turn back. It is generally so with his pride and fame, and like the coward he is, he was beaten.

Where are Rhodes and Jameson, tell me where are they who after our first gunshot were driven to sea? This will be

the case with every one of them as long as the war lasts, owing to the patriotism of the Boers.

So much has been written on the lack of discipline among the Boers, that the following lines on this subject may amuse the reader.

It was on January 11 when the Field-cornet suddenly called all Burghers together and informed them of matters not entirely to their liking. They unanimously formed the conclusion to elect Jan Muller as their Chief-Corporal. Now the voice of the Burghers is never to be trifled with, especially when they are hungry and consequently short-tempered. Man is but human, and when hungry he becomes noisier and noisier and cares for neither Saint nor Devil.

The Field-cornet did his duty, but was jeered at for his trouble.

About this time the writer's brother was evidently killed in action, and a song on this subject follows. The first two stanzas of the Taal version are printed to give the reader some idea of the original manuscript.

LIED OP DEN DOOD VAN MIJN BROEDER.

Mijn vrienden did is slechts mijn lied
Het kost mij veel en zwaar verdriet
Ik kan nu alles niet verhaal
Want zijn dood was dar bepaal.

Miet zijn wapen in de hand
Stierf hij voor ons dierboers land
Hij stierf voor ons den helden dood
Ach vat was toch zijn daden groot !

HYMN ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER.

1. My friends listen to my song, I cannot relate all my feeling and express my entire sorrow sufficiently on the death of him.

2. With his weapon in his hand, he died for our dear Boerland.

He died for us a hero's death, ah ! great were his deeds.

3. You Afrikanders. praise him after death, and follow in his action. Discuss his heroic death and make his memory celebrated.

4. Like a hero he faced the foe,

As heroes always used to go,

His ashes like those of heroes rest, as a hero he has entered the Eternal Kingdom.

5. Think of our justice you friends and relations, for heroic as his death may be, the loss of him was great to us.

6. He fought unto Death for our liberty and rights, his death which we all mourn, turned our grief into joy.

7. Brother, dear brother, who whilst suffering for our freedom you have shed your blood, I praise your heroic valour.

8. For you sacrificed yourself for me and my descendants. God gave you courage, and I will give you long-lived praise.

9. Calmly and courageously he left us to be our hero. No English power could frighten him, until he died the death of a hero.

10. In the veldt near the Tugela he found the grave of a hero and saint, and it was God's will that we should not see him again.

11. Great is his memory, large is his inheritance, and whoever hears of his heroic deeds can never forget him.

12. He has suffered for Africa ; through him Africa will be delivered. May the Lord grant us the grace to see Africa united.

13. Brothers and friends, although it costs us much valuable blood keep courage. Believe in God, trust in Him for He will proclaim the voice of Peace.

14. Think of all the heroes fallen on our veldt, who will disclaim their honour or dispute their heroism?

15. May we long rejoice in the valorous name we bear for nobody need feel ashamed to be praised for valour or to be called a hero.

FINIS.

A simple prayer is the last item.

PRAYER.

O dear and never sufficiently praised Lord and Father it is Thy decree that we are here, and it will be Thy Will whether we shall return home again. Therefore O dear Father we beseech Thee to look down unto us mortals and accept in Thy Grace those who may fall, and show Thy Mercy unto the wounded. O Lord we commend our widows and orphans to thee as the Guardian of the wives and children of those fallen in battle. Be a comfort to them in their solitary and mournful days, strengthen their hearts and grant them courage in their misery. O Lord, bless them with health in soul and body. Be their Guide in life and in Thy Grace make an end to this war, so that we with our households may praise Thy Holy Name greatly, and praise Thee for the love bestowed upon us. Give us Victory, O Lord, so that the world may recognise Thee as the King of Kings and serve thee from generation to generation. Give us Victory, O Lord, so that Thy Name be great among the peoples of the earth and they know that Thou art the Lord of Justice and dost not permit the injustice done to us by our enemies. For Thou, O Almighty Lord, knowest how unjustly they tried to trample on our rights. Therefore, O Lord, whilst we are fighting in

Thy Holy Name, grant us Victory, give us back our property, and bend every heart unto Thee to praise Thy Name and to live in Thy Grace. Listen to our Prayer for Christ's sake, forgive all our transgressions and sins for the sake of the blood of our Lord and Saviour.—AMEN.

Was the writer killed or did he live through the strenuous years that followed? If these lines should meet his eye I hope he will forgive a former foe and now fellow citizen for shedding the light of publicity on his muse.

ROBERT GRANT.

NIGHT AT HIGH NOON

THE rank smoke of the newly quenched torches trailed up, reluctantly, into the flawless morning air. One brand still blazed, a red smirch in the dawn sunlight, and in the glance of the man who carried it smouldered another unsatisfied fire. He stood with his followers, some twenty of them massed behind him, and confronted his prisoner eye to eye.

"No," said the captive softly, in answer to that wordless menace and question, and he lifted his bound hands as though in readiness for the threatened torture of the match. The clubman met the mute defiance with a snarl of anger, but he made no movement. Hugh Griffith smiled faintly; he was used to rule men; he had swayed them in either of the hostile camps and at the Court of the King, and even in this extremity his sense of power did not fail him.

A pause followed, while the early light fell with a searching and pitiless purity on the score of clubmen, haggard, half clad, seamed and knotted with toil and gaunt with the misery of finding toil no longer. It drew a meaning gleam along the curved blades of scythes wielded for no harvest of grass or grain, and dulled yet more the tawny torch-flame. Behind the huddled figures stretched the moor, surge on broken surge, brushed with the first purple of the heather to the gold fret-work of the East. Rock and tussock and every fox-glove stem shot a deep-blue shadow far across the dew-drenched sod. Hugh Griffith looked on the wide west-country moor unseeing,

and on the men with a suspense which branded every face in his memory. Would they yield? He had tried every art of open promise and covert threat, and now he could but wait, wait and keep his confident smile alight.

Suddenly the leader started forward, his stifled passion blazing up at sight of the gallant soldier bearing. Soldiers had fired his village one far-off night—and he alone had escaped from the whelming fall of his homestead. And this man stood for war and dared front him with a smile.

He gripped his torch, lowered it till the flame brushed the bound hands, then, with a leap of savage purpose, raised it, swung it level with the steady eyes which met his own. No word was spoken, none needed. Griffith kept his lips locked to their smile, but his pallor and the flickering glance betrayed that the threat had touched that nerve of secret fear which lies in every man. He scarcely heard one rough, half-compassionate voice lifted in protest, in a demand for time in which he might understand and yield. He only knew that the hot breath of the torch was withdrawn, that a space was given in which to weigh hate and honour against more than life, in which to tame the craven hurry of his heart, in which to watch, to *see*——

Griffith wrenched back his thoughts in a fierce, incredulous courage. The danger was too monstrous to be real. Why, the shadows were dwindling, drawing back to rock and bush; light broadened, light gained; what was this fear of the darkness?

Time was granted him; time to mark the shadows shift and shrink—time. He looked on the faces before him, fierce and sullen, and a sense of helplessness touched him, as when his skilled blade had shivered beneath the blow of a peasant's flail. He could not reach these men. It mattered as little to them how he played his part as to a circle of starving wolves. In this final loneliness he sought for and missed the unwilling applause of an equal foe. Time was granted—time. He leant back against the stunted fir-tree to which they had bound

him and looked out to the East. His eyes—they were of the intense yet changeful blue of burnished steel—were fixed on the drift of dawn-hued cloud and on the flying cloud wrack of his own thought.

Women had loved Hugh Griffith for his beauty, and men had feared him for his power, and he had used both as his weapons. Was it all to end here, in this ring of ignoble peasant steel? He laughed at the irony, and wondered what horror it was that strangled his laughter to a choking gasp. Yet it was not all defeat. He had vaunted—to himself, for he was not of those who flaw their armour by boast or betrayal to another—that he had never swerved from a purpose or relinquished a hatred. Nor would he fail now. He would save the man who had saved him, and be free again to hate, to avenge. What was that stab which struck at his heart before its meaning had reached his brain? To revenge—in the powerless darkness. He shut his eyes against the thought, and a craven fear clutched him with the familiar action. As he looked out again he saw that the sun had pushed a shining rim above the bar of cloud. At his feet the knotted shadow of a furze bush had withdrawn the breadth of a sword edge; bell after bell of the heather kindled crimson in the advancing brightness. If only the shadows had been reaching towards him, he thought he could have fronted better that other shadow which lurked behind the waiting tongue of flame.

What was it these clubmen demanded, when all was said? That he should avenge himself on his dearest foe. His mind went back to old days, and he saw in fitful flashes the long companionship, the gathering enmity between himself and Robert Strang—the enmity of two, who standing close together, yet fought with differing weapons and for other ends. He had secretly scorned the man who dissembled no antagonism and sought no friend, and he had read in Strang's frank eyes an answering but an open contempt for his own subtle game with life. And yet when war was declared and swords flashed out for the king, Strang had risen the higher.

His fearless, forthright soldiership had won the favour of his general, Maurice, the Prince Palatine, and Captain Griffith had found himself serving with Robert Strang as Colonel. And Strang had mistrusted him—the memory kindled with a fierceness which blotted out present peril—had watched his dalliance with the Court party at Oxford, had suspected him even of ties with the rebels in London. Why should not a man keep all ways open and yet tread the straight road of loyalty? But that Colonel Strang had not understood and a day came of arrest, an accusation of that treason wherewith, at worse, he had but played. And then escape, desertion place and power with the army of the Parliament and a branding hatred of the man whose straight glance and unswerving law of honour had forced him into treachery.

Lost in his own brooding, Griffith had stared at the sun till it swam before him. In a sick terror of any needless blurring of the light, he turned his eyes aside, resting them on the dim blue, silver threaded, of the far distance. So calm it was, with such a healing stillness, that hope rose in him. The world could not look thus to a last glance. The clouds seemed wholly dispersed, yet the wide moorland reaches brightened and dimmed, dimmed and brightened, as though the earth drew deep soft breath and changed with every pulse.

A hoarse low muttering from the clubman marked that the time was passing—passing. And still the sun lifted and the world lay clear in the impartial, implacable light.

It was from these same men that Robert Strang had saved him, a scant month ago. For the revolted peasants, risen against either army, since King's men and Parliament alike had trampled their harvests and swept bare their farms, had been gathering in perilous force. Riding with but a handful of soldiers Captain Griffith had been surprised by a band of the clubmen, and had seen death hard before him in their whirling scythes. A single rider, marking a gentleman struggling against such odds, had dashed in among them, and the clubmen had scattered at the impetuous onset. Snatched

to the saddle bow and to safety, Griffith, as his senses failed, caught a glimpse of the keen dark face he hated—but had never hated so much as then. Rousing himself at the inn where his rescuer had left him, he had sworn to wipe out the insult, and then—

And then—who guides a blow in the darkness? What place for a blind man in the world's work? since he must read men who would rule them. The silent conflicts of the will were as far from such helplessness as was the iron thrust of the charge. Griffith strained silently at his bonds and the men who watched him looked for yielding in his white face.

A word was needed, no more. For Colonel Strang commanded the garrison which had borne most heavily on these parts, and was most hated by the clubmen. So it was that when Griffith through a groom's treachery, had fallen into their hands, their first accusing had been that he was a King's man, a friend of Colonel Strang who had saved him.

"Nay," Griffith had answered lightly—he remembered that lightness: "There ye err, good friends, for I was even now debating an attempt to capture him."

The words had been true, for that day a spy had brought news—Griffith made much use of spies—of Strang's solitary visit to an outlying house on the moor, there to meet and win over a doubtful adherent of the king. And Griffith had cursed the shackles which his enemy's service had riveted on him and longed for freedom to profit by the tidings. But in his careless answer he had fallen into the fault of a subtle brain and forgotten that these ruder minds might grasp at a meaning. He must guard against such under-rating of his opponents, he told himself, and shuddered to know he could never use the warning. The clubmen had understood that he could put their enemy within their reach and had sworn to wring the knowledge from him.

His thoughts had reached the present, and its sheer choice again. But this man of all on earth he could not betray. Was it honour? Nay, for he had put that from him when for lust

of ambition and revenge he deserted the standard of his King. It was—pictures passed before him of Robert Strang's face as he flung forth the taunt of treason; of his face, changed, steadfast and gentle, bent above his enemy. Griffith ground his teeth with a curse that was a prayer. Thank God! in another moment it would be too late—he would carry his hate unflawed into the darkness.

A sweet, keen wind came up, tossing purple shadows on the moor, shaking forth the gold and fragrance of the gorse. It bent the flame of the torch, which burnt foolishly there in the broad day—how could that prevail against the all-embracing brightness. The pictures were floating through Hugh Griffith's brain. He clung to them, to shut out the fierce, fixed faces round. The shifting brilliance and blurring smoke of a fight—ah, the good gleam of steel beneath the blazonry of standards. For a moment he hungered for it, bound hands and straining eyes. Then all was lost in a simple clinging to the simple sunlight—and a fear—Hugh Griffith grasped at his hate as a man catches at the mercy of God.

"No!" he cried in a voice that pierced like a trumpet, and then again in a strangling whisper "no."

The torch drew towards him—he saw nothing else. The flame in the full sunlight looked sickly and impotent. Yet one sweep sufficed to strike out the sun in a red blot stabbed with flashes of intolerable anguish; to plunge the stable and kindly world into reeling gulfs of blackness.

* * * *

Out of a compassionate nothingness Hugh Griffith awoke to himself and an all-compassing whirl of silent fire. Fire so real in its agony and brightness that he stirred to ward the flame from his eyes, and only then felt the dew on his forehead and bound hands. The truth leaped on him with that cruel healing touch and the wet earth on which he lay prone dulled the single cry he could not stifle back. He lay silent thereafter with face pressed down. It was better so, for a man who lies face to sod can see nothing, even though he be not blind.

He would not raise his head yet to endure, unreturning, the stare of earth and sky grown all alien.

Still the fire wheeled and bit. He could bear the pain, but that pauseless circling of flame, red and yellow and blinding white, was worse than the darkness he had feared. He had clung with a coward's trembling to the light, and see, an anguish of light against which he could not shut his eyes. One thought pierced even that glare. He had achieved his purpose. The clubmen were gone—surely they must be gone, since no least sound reached him through the burning ring which girded him—and Robert Strang was safe. Safe—what mocking memory was this which came faltering back on him. He had heard rough voices as he fell ; voices which spoke of scouring the moor for their prey, since 'twas clear from his very resistance that Colonel Strang must be within their reach. From that solitary house of meeting, a bridle track led across the moor ; if Strang chose to return thereby, and it was the speedier way, he was as surely lost as though Griffith had spoken, and as surely lost through him.

The prostrate man moved feebly and half rose, unheeding the red-hot sparks which the motion set darting through eyes and brain. He had gone down into hell for his hate's sake and was even hate to betray him ? Was he to be frustrated in this last resolve, this final fragment of purpose he had borne out of the living and lighted world of men ? No, one need showed steadfast through the blind and dizzying pain—to reach Robert Strang, to warn him, and then—and then Griffith might lie down content with that helpless hate which must be henceforth his portion.

He staggered to his feet and groped for help or counsel. To find house or road himself was hopelessly beyond his power, and where he had been flung he knew himself hidden from succour. He could but stumble on as he might and some wayfarer might see his state and in bare pity—he winced and forced himself savagely to the word—come to his aid. To such a stranger, whose party he could not know, whose face

he could not read, he must entrust his message. If one of the clubmen, even, came forth from his lurking-place, he might win thus the guiding word withheld under the torture. But no, no. By his own passion, Griffith told himself, he could divine the hostile purpose of another. At the least he must risk it and trust—as he must needs trust all men henceforth, he who had scanned and doubted all. Hugh Griffith's brain had been swift and subtle and as he framed this, his last scheme, he plumbed the depths of helplessness. On a chance, blind as himself, he staked his hope of making clean his hatred.

As he stood there striving to steady himself in the throbbing blaze that tortured his brain, he remembered the stunted fir-tree, scarce more than a man's height, to which he had been bound. He had fallen where he stood; then the tree must be close at hand and would serve him as a starting-point. He reached out into the blind whirl and only the air met his grasp. His hands were bound still, loosely, yet he could not free them and his search was the harder for the bonds. How long had he stood thus, feeling air? He dared not move from his place lest he step away from the tree, and his desire to lay hold on it grew to a sick and senseless passion. He turned about, bending his body forward, and as he stretched his hands into emptiness a branch struck sharply across his forehead. He recoiled with a moment's sense of baffled rage, then lifted his hands to the branch and so drew along to the rough barked trunk. And having reached it he clung to it shuddering. He had seen the tree—he recalled the sparsely tufted branches black against the sky and the rusty stain of the bark—he had seen it, and before him swept a world unseen behind its barrier of fire. He could not leave the remembered sight, and as he crouched there a sudden sob shook the manhood from him and tears brought fresh fire into his eyes.

Crushing down the weakness, he rose erect and tried to find guidance. When he had stood bound to the tree, he had seen before him, far to the left where the moor dipped purpling the faint white sword-stroke of a road. Strange, to think form

and colour lay still unchanged for all but him. The fir-tree was there to guide him, but on which side had he stood? He turned a straining face towards the dumb sky. He should be able, he thought, to feel the sun and know the eastern path, but the scorching pain across brow and eyes seemed to fence the sunlight from him. With a desperate laugh he released his hold and set forth across the moor.

How changed was the ground which his light stride had crossed so easily at dawn; it rose and sank abruptly beneath his hesitant tread. The eddying light, too, bewildered him; he could have felt his way more easily in the thick darkness he had dreaded; now he pushed on step by step against a wall of flame. The wind had risen and buffeted him; it swept a great purple curtain of shadow across the moor, dulling its gold to bronze, muffling the crimson of the heather. But Hugh Griffith in his own burning pain walked unaware of the cloud coolness. A sick faintness stole upon him and he stumbled on oblivious of all save the intolerable burden of each moment.

He had gone a long, long way, step by painful step, though still the fir-tree he had left showed a scant musket shot behind. The ground was rising, and now and again he came on great boulders, sometimes shocking rudely against them. In the top of one of these stones he found a film of moisture in which he laid the end of his scarf that he might press the cool silk across his eyes. And there he rested a moment, drawing his hand over the olive-hued lichen and wondering idly if it were orange or silver grey.

Something of strength came back to him after that and he went more steadfastly, through the whispering bracken, across clumps of ling which sometimes bore him firmly up, and again let his foot sink with a treacherous suddenness. And then came a huddle of rocks across which he must creep, testing with hand and knee, and feel himself a crawling thing, no man. His spurs caught in the tangle and when he groped to unfasten them, the rowels tore his bound hands. He cursed at it and then finding his words stumbling on without his will

or knowledge he choked them back, in a fear of madness. He must not go mad or die, leaving his work undone: and yet he had half lost the meaning of that work on which his will was locked.

At length there came a stretch of smoother grass, across which he went in a pitiful pride at walking erect and more swiftly. In the midst of which something tripped him and he fell heavily. Rallying from the fall, he reached out to feel for the stone or root which had snared him. He touched a cluster of leaves, a long stem weighted with silken blossoms; it was a foxglove that had worsted him. With a muttered curse, he clenched his hand on the tough stem and snapped it; then laughed aloud and jarringly; he had sunk to such vengeance.

Leaving the foxglove with its damasked bells low on the sere grass, he dragged himself up and went on. But the fall had shaken him, and more and more the ground grew hostile to his tread. Again he stumbled and again, and once an edge of stone gashed his temple as he dropped: he wiped away the blood with his scarf and his long hair and faltered forward. At first he had paused sometimes to call into the unanswering vacancies; but now breath failed him and courage. On and on; the moor began to slope steeply and he was forced to help himself as best he could with his bound hands, grasping at thorny bramble trails and frail flowering things which broke beneath his touch. Then the slant of earth was gone from beneath his hands; he made a diffident upward step, another, and leaned forward, seeking to test his ground. Overbalanced by the movement he slipped on the smooth dry grass and plunged headlong. His lifted arms broke the fall, but he rolled over and over and lay at last bruised and breathless. He had come to the bank of a dried river-bed, and was stretched on the short grass, green and velvet fine, which marked the river's course.

For a while he remained without stirring, overwhelmed by the mere ignominy of his blind and baffled course, and when

he tried to move, the giddy pain which throbbed through him bore down his head again. He had failed; there was no more strength in him. Colonel Strang must ride to his fate, and what would that fate be? Griffith groaned in his anger: he would receive his vengeance, soiled and shameful, from the brute hands of the clubmen. What instruments they might have been, had he been free to wield them; but now—now—How would they use Robert Strang? hold him as hostage to force the garrison to surrender, or let loose their rage on his body? A horror seized Griffith and shook him. Did he in truth desire that anything in the shape of man should be brought low as himself? And to be brought thus low to no purpose! With a fierce effort he stumbled to his feet. As he did so the many-coloured sparks and zigzags of light which had tortured his eyes beat together into one white and searing sheet of flame. Then darkness, sudden and utter. It had come, the final night which in his pain he had almost desired, and he sank under it, mute and still, as though the blackness had been that of the grave sods above him. For a space he rested so, almost without thought, his fingers plucking idly at the herbage of the bank beside him. As he lay there, a small bird, perched hard by, began a twittering call. So free it seemed, so sure and glad of the light, the fallen man called harshly to frighten it thence, and then ached for the companionship in the prison of his loneliness. And there fell upon him a thought of other wings—almost he could hear their sullen beat; wings of carrion birds which must settle on him when he had breathed his last, like a sheep dropped from the flock, and even more unregarded.

That fear did not move him, but the sense of his purpose struggled back to him and he rose panting. The meaning of his resolve had slipped from him in mortal weariness. But for all that there was time; meanwhile he must press on, must save the man through whom, for whom, he endured this long anguish of shame. And then freedom to hate, to die hating in the blackness.

He had mounted the bank, whether the one from which he had fallen or the other he could not tell, nor whether he was retracing his steps or no. Gaining what seemed the top he stood motionless, in part to steady himself from the climb, in part from old habit of weighing and pondering, Here was nothing to debate, for if he turned to the right hand or the left, fared towards the roads and haunts of men, or into the black bogs and rock fastnesses of the moor, all was alike stark chance. The wind had sunk, and the clouds lay massed along the western horizon waiting for the sunset to strike their ramparts into fire. In the blue upper heaven the sun rode conquering. That unsheathed light smote the moor to burnished bronze, to fretted gold, where the far slopes swept out to the clear sky line, to silver and steel where the streams gashed their way. Nearer at hand the glow of the heather and the gold of the gorse blended in a regal tapestry, and the bracken brightened from russet to amber. The moor throbbed colour beneath the mounting sun, and Hugh Griffith facing it stared into the darkness. A furze clump brushed its burning bloom against him as he stood and he drew aside, for the thorns were sharp on his bruised and wounded hands.

While he waited thus, a shepherd, returning alone across the moorland, saw from a distant slope the erect figure standing on the ridge. He paused to look for a moment; strangers were scant in these parts, and this might be a wayfarer in need of guidance, But if the man were a soldier—soldiers were apt to pay in oaths as much as coin. The sun kindled on Griffith's long bright hair, on the crimson scarf he wore—he had never played the Puritan in his attire—and struck a sudden gleam from his gorget. The shepherd made a leisurely move forward; the gentleman might reward him, belike. But the figure on the ridge took a slow step or two, and faced half about. The shepherd grunted disapproval—the matter was not worth his while, for the stranger was plainly not in haste, and. moreover, from where he now stood, must see—ay, he was looking thither —the film of smoke which marked the nearest upland hamlet

miles away. Whistling his inquisitive dog to heel, the old man plodded on down the slope and lost the other from sight. He did not note, therefore, how the soldier turned from that beckoning smoke—how he faltered in his tread and bent at length from his upright bearing to creep painfully across the scattered stones.

How long had it lasted—how long? It was still day, for Griffith could feel the sun's heat on the merciless stones and in an added fire in his own tortured brain; or was it another day, and had the night gone by in one of those aching pauses of the unending journey? As he crept on—he could walk but little, for he had wrenched his foot in one of the pitfalls set by the relentless moor—he became aware that part of his pain was a thirst which had been devouring him for an eternity. Water—there was water everywhere about him; he could hear its cool liquid call, luring, mocking him. And always when he sought to follow the sound, it shifted or was caught up by some wayward echo, and he was left helpless with a tenfold fever parching him. He half forgot that he had any goal beyond the finding of water; and then Robert Strang's voice came to him through the plash of streams, and he caught hold of sanity that he might strike that voice to silence. He bit the grasses as he went, but the sun's heat was in them, and the heather bells were choking dry. And then, after the thirst had eaten into his very soul, came the sound of a river full and clear before him. He stood upright in the sense of deliverance, and pressed towards it. Why did his feet sink thus in the ground—was it some new trick of weariness—and what was that faint sucking noise beneath him? He stooped again and touched the long sword leaves and tufted stems of rushes. The earth shook beneath him—he was walking into a bog. When he had flung himself backward to the firm ground he bent to the bog water, but the dank smell and slimy touch held him from it. Surely he could reach the river some time in some way. But before he had stumbled on two score paces he would have drunk even of the black ooze.

Now the firm earth and rock was quaking beneath him as the bog had quaked. The glare of such a summer sun as the moor knew but seldom was beating on his uncovered head and wounded brow, and the night pressed upon him. Sometimes a flicker crossed it, and he would turn to the light before he remembered and knew it was bred of his own sick brain. Sometimes the darkness quivered before him and burst, and there was yet another darker depth behind. His breath came in long gasps, and beneath each strangling gasp lay an emptiness, and his heart shook his body—shook the ground beneath. Drenched with sweat and with shameful tears of which he was too spent to feel shame, he staggered on. But he had crossed the moor now, and was stumbling through some blind abyss of voidness with Robert Strang waiting, triumphing, on the other side. The blackness was so thick he had to push the dense dark from him with his hands at every inch he gained, and it was too strong—it was gaining, closing on him.

"This is death," thought Hugh Griffith, and a hand plucked him back.

. . . .

Colonel Strang, setting forth at mid-day from the house he had made his trysting-place, had seen a man's figure stretched moveless on the far-off moor. Deeming from the crimson scarf it was a soldier of the King, he had ridden thither, unheard, across the yielding carpet of heather. And so Hugh Griffith, caught back for a moment from that sheer edge of nothingness, felt an arm beneath his head and a hand upon his own. A living hand. He clutched at it, and lay there shaken by the despair and panic loneliness he had fought from him through the endless hours. So spent he was that Strang found time for such rough soldier ministrations as he could use before memory and speech returned to his enemy. And then Griffith put aside the flask the other held to his lips and sought for words, stammering as though they too were lost in the darkness.

"I have a message——" and then his voice broke pitifully into a cry. "Man, give me your hand! I shall sink in the blackness and never speak."

Strang gripped his hand in silence, and he struggled for calm.

"A message—if it be not too late. What is the hour?" The trivial question dropped like a stone measuring the depths of unmarked days and nights.

"High noon," answered the kneeling man beside him.

"Then bear him word—tell Robert Strang——"

"I am Robert Strang," said the voice out of the darkness.

A flash of triumph shot through Hugh Griffith—such triumph as the duellist knows whose blade strikes home. And word by word he faltered out his warning. Speaking he lost his mastery of himself. Strang's hand closed on his in a painful grasp that meant companionship, and, despite his will, Griffith knew he told his own story in seeking only to make clear another's peril. His own loss, his own infamy of helplessness, all lay clear to his foe.

Silence fell, and Colonel Strang knelt on with hidden face. It seemed a cowardice to look on Griffith's defenceless countenance. Out of all he would have said—the bewilderment of protest and pleading, of vain gratitude and remorse, broke only one sound—the choking sob of a strong man.

With a last strength Hugh Griffith wrenched himself free from the befriending hand which upheld him in the night. His voice rang out keen with a final loss and passion.

"You have cheated me—God has cheated me—Robert Strang," he cried. "I have been through hell to save you, and now"—he reached out groping hands as he swayed—"my God, my God, I cannot find my hate!"

And with the word he dropped and lay stark, fronting the noon sun with blind, arraigning eyes.

Dora Greenwell McChesney.

HUMANITY AND STIMULANTS

THE fact that in all times, in all stages of our civilisation, and in all parts of the universe, the various peoples constituting the human race should—often quite independently of one another—have resorted to the preparation and consumption of stimulants (among which alcoholic beverages have taken the first place), would suggest that there is a legitimate demand and use for those stimulants, in spite of all that teetotal extremists may now say to the contrary. Much discussion has taken place of late as to the "food value" of alcoholic beverages, and considerable diversity of opinion still prevails thereon. Rightly or wrongly, successive generations have regarded beer as "liquor bread," basing their conclusion on their own experience. But literally for thousands of years before the present controversy on "food value" arose, stimulants had been taken—as they still generally are—for other reasons than because of the amount of actual nutriment they might or might not contain. They were accepted as a palatable drink; they gave a feeling of warmth and helped to ward off chills; they modified the pangs of hunger; they produced a sense of enjoyment, gratification, and comfort; they gave greater zest to social intercourse; they lessened pain; relaxed nerves wearied by physical or mental labour; relieved the pressure of daily cares; deadened care, trouble, and anxiety; improved the outlook on life;

imparted fresh vigour to the healthy man, and enabled him to surmount difficulties and perform deeds or actions which otherwise he would have regarded as beyond his powers. In one or other of these ways they appealed to wants or instincts of our common humanity, and rendered services throughout the ages which, until quite recent times, were considered sufficient in themselves, without regard to any question as to food value. Assuming, for the sake of argument, it could be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt (though this has not yet been done), that stimulants contain no nutritive value whatever, these old and original reasons for taking them—reasons co-existent with the race itself—would still remain.

Here we reach the fundamental factor of the whole situation, although it is one which the extreme sections of the temperance party have either ignored, obscured by side issues, or, thought to overcome by Acts of Parliament or oppressive enforcements of the licensing laws. Deep down in the heart of man we have got to recognise—whether we want to or not—the existence, as part of his nature and temperament, of a craving from time to time for some artificial stimulant capable of producing mental or physical effects that would not exist, or could not be secured, naturally. One might as well pass an Act of Parliament for the abolition of thirst as try to eradicate the feeling in question by legislative action. It may vary in form and intensity in different individuals, according to temperament, circumstances, and conditions; but every adult person is influenced by it, and yields to it at some time or other. One cannot assume that, because a man does not take alcoholic drinks, therefore he does not take any stimulants at all. Opium, cocaine, quinine, and various other drugs are extreme alternatives, but they are indulged in very largely, and, to a certain extent, answer the same purpose as alcohol. Tea, coffee, and tobacco, also act as stimulants, and so do some of the special brands of patent medicines, or even pickles, catsup and other table condiments; so that while temperance advocates may scrupulously avoid beer or wine, they may still

partake freely of stimulants, and even of alcohol itself, in some other than the recognised form.

Dr. Ashbel P. Grinnell, Vice-President of the New York Medico-Legal Society, who has recently published a pamphlet on "Drug Consumption and Alcohol as Found in Proprietary Medicine," is a firm believer in the theory that "every human being craves some artificial stimulant," and he gives the following interesting examples:

One of the most noted post-prandial speakers this world has ever produced never took anything with dinner but a glass of champagne. Without it he felt lost. With it he could recall anything he had ever heard in his life; and we waited for the morning paper to see what he had said the night before. Another man whose utterances have a world-wide reputation, who has made speeches in France, England, and Germany which electrified his hearers and reflected credit upon us as a people, told me that his speeches were always prepared or delivered under the influence of black tea, and he ate nothing for some time before he was going to speak. Another man who was largely responsible for the Prohibitory Law, as it is called in Vermont, came to me for treatment. I told him under no circumstances to take acids. He said, "Do you mean to tell me that I can't eat pickles?" I told him "certainly," that he had a disease of the kidneys and bladder which made the use of acids impossible. He said, "I have pickles three times a day, made out of everything it is possible to make pickles from. I can't get along without pickles." And yet this man went to the State Legislature and said, "I can't drink beer; therefore, you shan't." This man died from pickles. . . .

Let me tell you a little incident in regard to one of the most notable temperance lecturers that ever appeared in this country. He was a temperance man, and did a great deal of good. His wife once said to me, "Isn't it possible to stop my husband drinking so much coffee? The coffee-pot is limited to four cups; he takes three of them with every meal." And yet this man would not be guilty of taking an alcoholic stimulant.

Another man, a public temperance speaker, told me that it was impossible for him to lecture unless he was under the influence of compound tincture of gentian.

By what right a temperance speaker, who either kills himself by over-indulgence in one kind of stimulant, or is hopelessly addicted to others, should want to pass laws to prevent his neighbours from taking stimulants in the form they happen to prefer, is by no means clear. He might argue that his own

stimulants only prejudices himself, whereas alcohol may lead a man to become a source of danger to others. But this is not necessarily the case, as the vast majority of people taking alcoholic beverages never do become a source of danger to others. If a man who drinks in moderation is to be restrained simply because he may, possibly, do injury to himself, it would be quite as logical to place an equal degree of restraint on the injudicious consumer of pickles or coffee, for a like reason. In any case the fact remains that the desire for a stimulant may be quite as active in a teetotaler, even though he be an "abstainer," as in the average moderate drinker, at least.

This universal instinct or desire must therefore, as I would submit, be duly recognised, and it is precisely because the prohibitionists (while themselves affording personal evidence of its force and power) have refused to make due allowance for it, and have aimed at abolishing it altogether, that they have made so little real progress in their propaganda. They have thus become leaders of a hope which is at once forlorn and impracticable. The real question to be asked is not "In what way can the desire for stimulants, which is known to have been implanted in man for five thousand years at least, be eradicated?" but "In what way can a natural instinct be responded to, so that the least possible harm will result to the individual or to society?" Such response is obviously not accorded either by water or by the liquids forming the ordinary (so called) "temperance drinks." These may satisfy the physical sensation of thirst, but they do not fulfil the other requirements to which an actual stimulant would directly appeal. Here, again, therefore, the prohibitionists have had to record a direct failure. The substitutes they offer are not really substitutes at all. They may suggest other stimulants in the form of tea and coffee. But, taken to excess, tea and coffee may do quite as much harm to the drinker's system as alcohol taken to excess. The trouble, too, of making fresh tea or coffee whenever wanted deprives these

beverages of any right to be considered as ideal drinks, even if they were taken only in moderation.

The human race itself long since decided that the most convenient, as well as the most acceptable, form which the apparently indispensable stimulant can take is alcohol. The prohibitionist set up alcohol as a bogey which every one should avoid. They would have the world believe that not even the smallest possible quantity of alcohol can be taken into the system without doing harm, and that, therefore, not even the smallest quantity should be taken at all. To this it may be replied, on the authority of Dr. Max Schottelius, Professor of Hygiene at Freiburg University, that "every one, including the strictest teetotalers, takes alcohol daily. "Fresh bread," he says, "contains one half per cent. of alcohol, and that," he adds, "is why fresh bread tastes so good."

That much harm has been done to many individuals by an excessive use of intoxicating drinks is undeniable, and the result has been to bring a vast amount of wretchedness and misery into the world. But this fact does not nullify the conclusion—on the basis of the facts already stated—that there may be a perfectly legitimate use for alcohol, so long as it is used in reason; while there is, in effect, scarcely one thing connected with ourselves or our daily life which, how ever good in itself, would not prejudice either ourselves or others if carried to excess.

One must further admit that in no instance has the decline and fall of any of the nations on earth been due to alcohol. On the contrary, the peoples of Northern Europe, who have been, perhaps, the heaviest drinkers of all, are precisely those who, in regard alike to physical strength, mental vigour, and indomitable pluck and enterprise, have stood at the head of the nations and made their influence most felt throughout the world. It would be too much to suggest that these results are due to the fact of their having been heavy drinkers. It is more probable that the drinking habits merely go with such physical strength and mental vigour, forming traits of the

same character and disposition. In any case they have not seriously prejudiced national character, even if so well-established and so popular a beverage as English ale has not actually strengthened it. Had there been any real foundation for the assertions so freely made by prohibitionists, as to the deplorable consequences that follow the consumption of alcohol, the British people must long ago have become a nation of degenerates, considering the amount of liquor that has been consumed in these isles.

The position has been well put by Herr Karl Eugen Schmidt, in an article on "The Conflict for and against Alcohol in France," in which he says:

> If alcohol be really dangerous to the welfare of a nation, then the people who take least of it should rule the world. Who are the soberest people in Europe? They are the Spaniards, and so far are they from being rulers of the world that they hardly come into the reckoning at all in any question in which the great nations are concerned. Then the nations which drink most should be in the lowest rank among the nations. Which is the nation which drinks most? It is the British, and the British nation is the one that does come nearest to ruling the world. Their influence is seen in America, in Australia, in Asia, and in Africa. They rule everywhere, and everywhere they are faithful to the beverages in which they indulge at home. So one must conclude that alcohol does not prejudice the greatness of a nation.

In spite of evidence such as this, the prohibitionists would abolish alcohol altogether; but, until they can also abolish the aforesaid instinctive desire for stimulants in some form or other, their efforts to suppress or to discredit ordinary alcoholic beverages is only likely to lead to a resort to possibly still more harmful substitutes.

In my book on "Licensing and Temperance in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," I have shown how, both in Norway and in Finland, people who were unable to procure the so-called native "brandy," were consuming, not only ordinary methylated spirits, but the "politur" used by French polishers in their work. But the most striking evidence of all on this particular subject comes from the United States of America, the home of Prohibition. It is an old story, and a well-estab-

lished fact, that people in the so-called Prohibition States can get as much liquor as they want, if they know where to go for it, and that as much drinking and as much drunkenness are to be found there as in any of the other States in the Union. All the same, the action of the prohibitionists has led to the consumption of alcoholic drinks being regarded with a certain sense of shame by individuals who have not lost their desire or their liking for stimulants, and what is happening in the United States to-day is that people are taking very extensively to the consumption either of drugs or of patent medicines which contain, in many instances, a still larger proportion of alcohol than the recognised alcoholic drinks themselves.

Dr. Grinnell, to whom I have already referred, has made a close inquiry into the subject, and has published some remarkable facts. After watching the effect of the (so-called) Prohibitory Law in Vermont and other States, where alcohol was not to be sold except for medical, chemical, or mechanical purposes, he arrived at the conclusion that many persons were using some artificial stimulant in lieu of alcohol, and he addressed a circular letter to the keepers of drug stores and general stores in the State of Vermont, asking for particulars as to their sales of opium (gum or powder), morphine sulph. (powder or pills), laudanum, paregoric, cocaine, chloral, Indian hemp, and quinine (powder or pills). The replies he received were far from complete, and he could not obtain particulars either as to the medicines dispensed by physicians, or as to the output from the wholesale manufacturers of crude drugs. He therefore concluded that the figures he got could be multiplied by five, and still remain below the consumption. What his figures are like can be judged from the following:

In the regular drug stores and in 160 of the 172 general stores in the State of Vermont they sell every month 3,300,000 doses of opium, besides what they dispense in patent medicines, and besides what the doctors dispense which gives one and a half doses of opium to every man and woman in the State of Vermont, above the age of twenty-one years, every day in the year. (By dose I mean one grain of opium, one-eighth grain of morphine, one half ounce of paregoric and twenty drops of laudanum.) And the amount consumed

would average a dose to every man, woman, and child in the State of Vermont every day in the year.

As typical of what is going on, Dr. Grinnell mentions that in one of two drug stores in a certain town the monthly sales include three pounds of opium, one gallon of paregoric, three-quarters of a gallon of laudanum, five ounces powdered quinine, and 1000 2-grain quinine pills.

No less significant is the enormous increase in the taking of patent medicines containing alcohol. In the report, for 1902, of the Massachusetts State Board of Health analyses were given of sixty-one well-known and widely patronised "tonics," "bitters," and other proprietary medicines, showing the per centage of alcohol in each. The range was from 6 to 47.5 per cent., the average being 20.4 per cent. Included in the sixty-one were nine which had been advertised as follows, the amount of alcohol they had been found to contain being appended: "Not a rum drink," 13.2 per cent.; "purely vegetable," recommended for inebriates, 41.6 per cent.; "entirely harmless," 19.5 per cent.; "not an alcoholic beverage," 6.0 per cent.; "entirely vegetable and free from alcoholic stimulant," 25.6 per cent.; "contains no alcohol," 20.5 per cent.; "contains no spirit," 6.1 per cent.; "a non-intoxicating stimulant; whiskey without its sting," 28.2 per cent.; "recommended for treatment of alcohol habit," 26.5 per cent.

In reproducing the full list in his pamphlet, Dr. Grinnell says:

It will be noted in this list that thirty-four samples contain one-fifth or more of alcohol. This is understood to represent what is known as 95 per cent. proof alcohol, which in comparison with the strength of ordinary whiskey is nearly three times greater, and compared to most of the wines or bitters consumed would be six or twelve times their strength. It will be noted that fifteen of the sixty-one samples examined contained one-fourth or more of alcohol, ten samples contained one-third or more of alcohol, four samples contained nearly one-half.

All the bottles containing these different tonics were surrounded by a label with full directions as to use in various doses from a tablespoonful to

a wineglassful, to be taken from one to four times a day, and increased as needed.

Dr. Grinnell further relates that Dr. A. J. Reed, of the Battle Creek Sanatorium, recently made for the periodical, "The Life-Boat," of Himsdale, Illinois, an interesting experiment for the purpose of further testing the amount of alcohol in patent medicines. In four different cans he put a tablespoonful each of "Hostetter's Stomach Bitters," "Peruna," "Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," and beer. Each was connected by a rubber tube to a gas-burner and mantel, heat was applied, and the vapour produced was ignited and burned as follows: "Hostetter's Stomach Bitters," 4 min.; "Peruna," 2 min. 40 sec.; "Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," 2 min. 35 sec.; beer, 20 sec.

The significance of these remarkable facts becomes greater still when one learns that the tonics and bitters in question have their largest sale in the very States where the most active efforts are made to enforce prohibition. Admitting that a certain percentage is taken for strictly medical purposes, it may fairly be assumed that, in their case as in the case of the drugs previously referred to, a substantial part of the consumption is directly due to the craving for some stimulant to take the place of the ordinary beers, wines, or spirits, the use of which has been either checked by the law, or, under the influence of teetotal sentiment, discredited by public opinion.

In the result, therefore, the desire for stimulants, instead of being overcome by Legislative or other intervention, has merely been diverted. In their feverish desire to convert the world to their own way of thinking, the would-be reformers who seek to abolish the sale of ordinary alcoholic beverages, and congratulate themselves on any evidence of a decline in such sale, are extending the ramifications of a drug evil which is having a much more pernicious influence alike on the individual and on Society, though the full extent of that evil may not yet have been fully realised.

In any case the new conditions are no improvement on

the old, and simply serve to establish more firmly than ever the *raison d'être* for that trade in alcoholic drinks which aims at supplying, in legalised fashion, and under effective control, what must, in face of the truths here advanced, unquestionably be regarded as " a public want."

EDWIN A. PRATT.

DANTE AND BOTTICELLI:

A RENAISSANCE STUDY.

THE earlier work of Botticelli is like an illustration of that characteristically Renaissance ideal of the painter which we find developed throughout the whole of Leon Battista Alberti's book on painting; and it is in this book that the story of the "Calumny of Apelles" is related, as a subject for painters, precisely as Botticelli was to paint it. To Alberti's theories we must add that new poetry, with its ancient symbolism and its fresh spring graces, which was being written by Poliziano and by Lorenzo de' Medici. There is little doubt that in the so-called *Mars and Venus* of the National Gallery we have a composition suggested by the "Stanze per la Giostra" of Poliziano, in which Giuliano de' Medici and la bella Simonetta are commemorated; and the "Primavera" has sometimes been taken to be an illustration of another of his poems, though indeed it sums up in a visible image the whole Spring poetry of the Renaissance. All this poetry, like all Botticelli's earlier work, is a literal new birth of paganism; and Botticelli captures the Greek spirit, not, as Raphael did, by an ardent scholarship, seizing upon the actual forms and the supposed "classic" feeling of Greek sculpture, of the *Three Graces* for instance, in the Cathedral Library at Siena, but by creating a new antiquity of his own over again in Florence, putting his town folk in holiday attire into it,

and seeing Simonetta as a Tanagra, unconsciously. The youth of Greece came back to him by an accidental relationship of the eyes and hand, and by a genius for interpreting slight hints, and re-creating them in a new, fantastic, or fanciful way of his own. He has the secret of the Greek rhythm, and nothing in his feeling comes to break or disturb that rhythm. Whether he paints the birth of Venus or of Christ, he has the same indifference and curiosity: each is a picture to him. The pensive unconcern, what looks like weariness or vague trouble, in the face of the Virgin is not so conscious a thinking into it of such speculations as Pater finds there (and finds, for us if not for Botticelli, rightly), but an expression chosen for its charm, its melancholy grace, by one who gave it equally to Venus rising sadly out of the waves, and to the Virgin enthroned and indifferent among angels, or holding her child like an idle or heavy toy. Judith going home through the midst of her enemies, with the sword and olive-branch in her hand, Truth in the "Calumny," Simonetta in the picture in London, have all the same look of exquisite weariness, as of those who do or endure great things in a dream, and are all hypnotised by the same meditation, which is really the soul of their visible beauty. And Botticelli sets gravity and sadness in their eyes and lips as he sets jewels of gold on the dress, and curls the hair into curves lovelier than the curves of shells.

Vasari tells us that under the influence of Savonarola Botticelli for a time "totally abandoned painting." In the *Nativity* in the National Gallery we see the effect of that influence upon his art when he went back to it. The Christian convention, which he had accepted as a part of his design just as he accepted the convention of the Venus de' Medici for his own Venus, is wholly abandoned; for he has now a new, personal, fanatical interest in the thing itself, and in his own apocalyptic interpretation of it; he invents a new form, in which the suavity is replaced by an ecstasy, and men and angels meet and embrace with uncontrollable emotion, and

little devils from Hell hide like snakes among the clefts of the rocks. A new quality has come into his work, troubling it, and giving it a new, restless beauty, certainly Christian at last. His design hardens, losing something of its decorative beauty; the rhythm contracts, the pensive expression in the faces becomes a personal trouble; and in the *Pietà* at Munich (if it is really his) there is almost the grimace of over-strung emotion, as in the S. Zenobio panels there is a hurry of movement which is almost feverish.

It is in this later, mystical period that most writers have preferred to place the greater part of Botticelli's drawings to the "Divine Comedy," and some have even imagined him to have been occupied on them to the very end of his life, during those last years which may not have been so dejected, as we know now that they were not so long drawn out, as Vasari has said. Savonarola did not come to Florence till 1482, and there can be little doubt that Botticelli had begun his drawings before 1481, though in that year he must, for a time, have laid them aside, to paint the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. In 1481 an edition of Dante was published at Florence by Christoforo Landino, containing, in addition to his commentary, a number of engravings, varying in different copies from two to twenty. These engravings, clumsily and badly done as they are, we now know to have been done by some inferior craftsman who had seen, and who tried to imitate, Botticelli's earlier designs to the Inferno. They end with the nineteenth canto; and, as the book appeared in August 1841, and we know that Botticelli went to Rome early in that year, it would appear that he had got so far, and no further, with his drawings, and that the printer could not wait for his return. Their chief value for us is that they give us, in their prints to the eight cantos of the "Inferno" for which Botticelli's drawings are missing, some faint, fragmentary, and distorted idea of what those designs may have been.

The first edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy" was printed in 1472, but manuscript copies still continue to be made for

rich collectors, who would have been ashamed to possess so renowned a book in any less costly and beautiful a shape. We know from an anonymous manuscript of the tenth century, in the National Library at Florence, that Botticelli "painted and pictured a Dante on parchment for Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, which was accounted a marvellous thing." Of this Lorenzo, who died in 1503, we know also that he commissioned a youthful statue of John the Baptist from Michelangelo. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the drawings of Botticelli were known to exist in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton. At the Hamilton sale in 1882 they were bought by the Berlin Museum. There are eighty-eight sheets of parchment, one of which is double, and contains a single design; three sheets contain no design. The text is written on one side of the parchment, in six columns, each sheet containing a whole canto; and on the other side the designs are sketched with silver-point, and finished in black or brown ink: each design faces the canto which it illustrates. A single page (" Inferno," xviii.) is painted in body-colour. Seven more sheets, containing eight more drawings belonging to the same series, were afterwards discovered in the Vatican Library: the chart of Hell, the illustration to canto i., drawn on either side of the same sheet, and the illustrations to cantos ix., x., xii., xiii., xv., and xvi. of the "Inferno." Two of these sheet are wholly, and one partly, coloured, as if in imitation of the illuminated manuscripts of the time. No texts or designs have been found to cantos ii. to vii., or xi. and xiv. of the "Inferno"; of canto xxxi. of the "Paradiso" there is only the text, the drawing for canto xxxii. is scarcely begun, and there is neither text nor drawing for the last canto.[1]

The earlier designs, most indeed of those to the "Inferno,"

[1] A facsimile reproduction of all the drawings has been published in folio, under the care of Dr. F. Lippmann, by G. Grote, Berlin (1887), and, reduced to half the size of the originals, by Lawrence and Bullen (1896), with an introduction and commentary by the same editor, and slightly reduced facsimiles of the twenty engravings of 1481.

are more crowded, more literal and exact in their following of every detail, more casually composed, in their setting of a series of episodes layer above layer, than the later ones; and it is only as he moves upward from Hell through Purgatory to Heaven that Botticelli becomes wholly master of his material, wholly himself. Vasari tells us that after painting the frescoes at Rome, he squandered "the considerable sum of money" which he had had from the Pope, and "returned at once to Florence, where, being whimsical and eccentric, he occupied himself with commenting on a certain part of Dante, illustrating the 'Inferno,' and executing prints, over which he wasted much time, and, neglecting his proper occupation, he did no work, and thereby caused infinite disorder in his affairs." We may thus reasonably suppose that the drawings begun before 1481 were continued within the course of the next year or two; and nothing is more likely than that the work was continued, at intervals, during many years. Yet I see no reason for supposing that any part of it was done after the fatal influence of Savonarola had drawn the painter out of his sufficing artificial paradise into the regions of "the Second Woe of the Apocalypse." Is there, in any part of the drawings, a suggestion of that harder later technique which we find in the *Nativity*, of 1500, or of the harsh energy which we find in the S. Zenobio panels? Is there, in the faithful and literal record of Dante's poem, with its simple acceptance of fact and its more and more gracious economy of line, any of the later Christian feeling, grown sad, painful, and acute, the sort of fanaticism which he seems to have caught from Savonarola, and implanted in his latest pictures? I think not: though I think I can see, in this ardent study of Dante, one of the ways leading Botticelli to Savonarola.

To an artist of the Renaissance the Hell and Purgatory of Dante would be infinitely more difficult to illustrate than those subjects of ancient mythology which had their own classic conventions. The Hell of the Campo Santo and of the mediæval illuminators would seem to him a convention not

yet consecrated by tradition, and without any pictorial probability to his own mind. He could but draw literally, following Dante's words without seeing his pictures through the same fierce and minute ecstasy of imagination. Has any Italian painter really had a fine sense of the grotesque? Probably Michelangelo, in those priceless drawings which went down in the ship off Civitavecchia, put sublimity into Dante, as Blake has done in our own age, and by a method of interpretation perhaps not wholly different. But is Dante really sublime, in the Miltonic sense, or in the sense in which some of Blake's drawings are sublime? I do not feel that he is. His imagination is severe, precise, definite; he sees in hard outline, by flashes, certainly, but without any of the heightening of atmosphere. The vision of Milton is a kind of second sight, perhaps a blind man's pageant of "men as trees walking"; Shakespeare too sees in metaphors, through the suggestion of words, in their subtle colouring of outline; but to Dante everything is in profile, and his words are always as if graven in the white marble which he saw in Purgatory,

Come figura in cera si suggella.

Thus I think that when Botticelli is at his best, and when he allows himself room to be quite clear, and does not try to put a whole canto into a single design, the form in which he renders Dante is really the form in which Dante should be rendered. The Inferno he is not always able to turn into beautiful shapes, because of what Pater has noticed, "that the words of a poet, which only feebly present an image to the mind, must be lowered in key when translated into form"; but in much of the "Purgatorio" and most of the "Paradiso" there is little but his piety or fidelity to hinder him. The almost monkish piety with which he follows his sacred text, not daring to put his own private interpretation in the place of a strictly literal, an orthodox one, is like that of a missal-painter, decorating verse after verse of the Scriptures, as if actually in the margins of his text; with a monk's patience also, but with a

quite pagan sense of beauty, a lyrical quality of design, which was wholly typical of the Renaissance. It is perhaps in his character of the pious monk, working for the glory of God on his missal, that he writes in minute letters on the banner of one of his young angels, in his drawing of the nine heavenly orders, each with its name written in the margin, his own name, "Sandro di Mariano," as if numbering his place among them before the time.

Botticelli's Hell, like Dante's, is a place of gross physical torture, in which the Devil is exactly as Dante saw him, a child's ideal of horror, with his three Gargantuan heads each "champing a sinner" between its separate fangs. The beauty, which comes into even this design, comes by a skill of hand which draws lovely lines for the articulations of the fingers and of the bat's wings. There is rarely a beauty wholly appropriate to the subject, and directly conditioned by it, but rather a struggle between the nature of the task and the means used to turn it into a picture. Sometimes, as in the illustration to canto xxii., decoration comes into the design with the barbed spears and bats' wings of devils, and the grouping of the tormented figures and their tormentors, and the lonely line of soothsayers pacing at the edge of the chasm above the lake. Coiled snakes twist and voyage across certain designs in intricate arabesques, and Geryon has a kind of morbid elegance in his curved scales, and there are two very decorative pages ornamented with nothing but spiring flames. But there are others which struggle confusedly with horror, or are a kind of map, or algebraical signs; and there is no intimacy or subtlety in their rendering of the evil powers of nature, nothing that does not lose rather than gain from its subject, and no accidental beauty that would not be more in keeping with either Purgatory or Paradise.

With the "Purgatorio" Dante leaves more room to his illustrator, and Botticelli gradually ceases to be the slave of his text. Occasionally he takes a casual word very literally, as in the eighteenth canto, where he sets all the slothful biting at

their own flesh. But in the next canto he shrinks from rendering the horrible details of the Siren, "quella antica strega," as he would certainly have done, with careful fidelity, in the "Inferno." In at least one design, the fifteenth, he has frankly continued his own rendering of a scene, without going on with Dante's continuation of it; and the design which he repeats, with changes, is, in its first form, as an illustration to the fourteenth canto, one of the subtlest and most emotional of them all, with something, in the row of blind beggars huddled against the rocks, of the emotional quality of Blake. He is not always careful to take the opportunities that Dante gives him; and thus, in the second canto, Casella is only the most robust of a number of naked shapes; in the fifth, la Pia is uncommemorated, though the design has many figures, and we remember that canto only for her few lines; and Rachel and Leah are not to be seen in the twenty-seventh, though the twenty-eighth is wholly given up to Matilda gathering flowers in Eden, and is one of the most beautiful of all the designs, in its almost Japanese arrangement, between the straight tree-trunks. There is spiritual meaning, as well as gracious arabesque, in the beautiful bodies of those who have sinned through love, and now strive to re-embrace among the flames; and a loveliness of line which is itself its own sufficient meaning in the two nudes of canto iv., one seated, with his arms about his knees, and the other turning slowly in the foreground, and in the nude figure in the seventh canto seated with his back to the hollow of the valley where the spirits of kings rest on the grass. In all these there is that delight in the beauty of bodies which is so Greek in Botticelli, and in the elaborate design in many compartments which illustrates canto x. there is more of his delight in moving draperies, and people dancing, and straight lances, and the crowd and trampling of horsemen, and a spirit like the Pagan or Renaissance spirit of the *Birth of Venus* or the *Spring*. It is in the series of "triumphs" in which he realises, exactly as Dante had planned it, but with what pictorial ecstasy, the pageant of the Car of Beatrice, that we

see his design most triumphant, most characteristically his own. Is not the first perhaps the finest in its simplicity, its sweep of design: the lower curve of the river Lethe like a floating pennant, and the upper curves of the seven pennants of smoke blown back and carried round from the seven candlesticks borne by angels? And yet is not the second more splendid, more sumptuous, in its immensely rich and intricate network of decoration, woven with precise and delicate detail into a texture and pattern seen as clearly and as rapturously as Dante's?

In his vision of the Car of Beatrice Dante's imagery is, as Botticelli's design proves to us, marvellously pictorial. For the most part what may be called his larger imagery is mediæval, and, though distinctly visualised, has much of the mediæval uncouthness; as, for instance, in the eagle of canto xx. of the "Paradiso," made up of so many saints, five to the arch of the eyebrow. His smaller imagery, all those similes by which he shows us the reflection before we see the thing, have on the contrary a homely naturalness which sets us wondering afterwards how so simple a statement of fact can have turned into such great poetry. Think of all that poets have said about night, and then hear Dante:

> La notte che le cose ci nasconde:

"Night that hides things from us." While both Milton and Shakespeare are constantly saying things for effect, and letting them dazzle us, Dante's style requires no heightening, no matter what he has to say, and it is on the same level of speech that he writes, of the church bells,

> Tin tin sonando con sì dolce nota,

and, of the ineffable vision of the Virgin ensapphiring brightest heaven with lovely sapphire,

> Onde si coronava il bel zaffiro
> Del quale il ciel più chiaro s'inzaffira.

It is always by their little details, the details that make things

clear to the sight, that he names them; as, when Matilda looks up from the flowers she is gathering, he says of her, that she turned "like a lady dancing, who turns with the soles of her feet close to the ground, and scarcely sets foot before foot." How beautiful that is in drawing, how like Botticelli, who, though he does not illustrate exactly that attitude, might seem to remember the words when, in the fifth canto of the "Paradiso," he draws the naked feet of Beatrice, set delicately together, like a pigeon's preparing to alight. And it is in the "Paradiso" chiefly that Botticelli seems to melt into the very spirit of Dante, purifying it, sometimes, of those "corollaries" and "deductions" which are apt to turn heaven into a wrangling hell of the schoolmen.

Throughout the main part of the "Paradiso" Botticelli gives us, in his designs, only two figures, Dante and Beatrice, whether because he did not finish his drawings, or whether, as I would rather think, he saw that the main significance of the book is concentrated upon the celestial relations of Dante and Beatrice, now at once actual and lyrical. And so he gives us circle after circle with only these two figures, sometimes set into a sky of starry flames, sometimes detached against mere emptiness of light; disregarding incidents or persons who, in the poem, break a little upon its divine monotony. Even Cunizza in the amorous sphere is only seen in the half-closed eyes of Dante under the light of her presence, and in his hand uplifted in joyous surprise. And in the circle of the sun he does but shield his eyes against overpowering light, not seeing S. Thomas Aquinas and the other doctors of the church. Even the birds who make D and I and L with their flight, and the M of wings twined with lilies, do not tempt Botticelli out of his reticence. But every motion of the soul and speech of Dante and Beatrice is rendered with subtle fidelity in some gesture, some turn of the head or hands, some lifting of the eyelids or parting of the lips, with a restraint like Dante's, and like no other gesture in Italian poetry or painting. Think of Italian gesture, even of Leonardo's in the *Last Supper*! In

every canto Botticelli makes a new marvel of the folds of Beatrice's robe; every movement is studied so as to set the lines into some new arrangement, in which, as in Venus and the Spring, hands and feet and hair have their part in the rhythm.

Like a pearl on a white forehead, or the reflection of faces seen in clear water: it is Dante's image for the aspect of certain spiritual realities as they come to him in one of the circles of Heaven, and Botticelli has drawn many of these designs to the "Paradiso," and some among the more elaborate ones which begin with the twenty-first canto, with just such faintness and precision. There are delicious *naïvetés*, as in the second head which grows on Dante's shoulders, looking backwards, because in the poem he turns; and in the face of Beatrice which is changed into a tragic mask, where, in the poem, she refrains from smiling, lest the radiance of the seventh heaven, drawn into her eyes, should shrivel Dante into ashes. In this design, that of Jacob's ladder, there is a whirl of baby angels like flowers or birds (the daws of Dante's simile), in which little bodies drunk with light fly exquisitely, as birds do, turning upon themselves in the air in their vehemence of delight. And Botticelli has repeated this note of rapture in his last almost completed design, where we see the river of light, its banks "painted with marvellous spring," and the "living sparks," like winged infants, plunging head foremost into the blossoms, and then whirling, drunk with odours, into the river out of the "smiling of the grasses."

In Botticelli's fidelity to Dante, I find something of Dante's fidelity to nature, and with the same exquisitely personal art. Only Wordsworth, occasionally, among poets, gets the inevitable magic of a statement which is at once completely truthful and completely beautiful: Dante gets it in almost every statement. Wordsworth's line, spoken of Milton:

> Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,

might render the essence and secret of Dante, as a writer of verse, better than most translations of his whole poem. And

in Botticelli we find a minutely beautiful truth like that of Dante, and in his choice of pure outline to convey Dante's vision a choice wholly appropriate. Reading Dante over again, canto by canto, and turning from the poem to the drawings, I find Dante more beautiful, seeing him through Botticelli's eyes, and I find in Botticelli a beauty wholly his own, a creation comparable with Dante's, in an art which Dante envied.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

ALBANY

NOT "The Albany": the definite article, though now universal, was not used by the earliest tenants of the chambers, and it becomes a writer who gossips about them to respect their custom.

We need not linger overmuch on the history of the building. There were originally three houses on the site, and the most eastern of them was occupied by the third Lord Sunderland, son of that arch traitor whose elaborate disloyalty to James II. is one of the darker studies in the psychology of politics. He bought the other two houses and made one of the three, with a fine room for a finer library, now at Blenheim. Stephen Fox, the second Lord Holland, lived here afterwards, who was like his brother Charles in most things save genius, being fat, good-natured, fond of cards and a bottle. It was the birth of a son to him that brought the Jews upon poor Charles, no longer next heir to the large family fortune, ill-gotten by their father, who speculated with the country's money (in his possession as Paymaster) on his knowlege as a minister. By no means an unamiable ghost to collogue withal on a quiet night, Stephen Fox, a little breathless with bulkiness and good living, crossing Piccadilly, where his house was, to haunt Brooks's in St. James's Street. He sold it to the first Lord Melbourne, who rebuilt it with a ball-room ceiling by Cipriani, and then changed houses with the Duke of York and Albany, son of George II., and hence the name. It was turned into chambers

for bachelors, the garden being built over for more profit, in 1804.

There is a rare and unaffected dignity about Albany still. The courtyard and the house do much to shut out the railway-station noises of contemporary Piccadilly, and Vigo Street at the other end is tolerably quiet, so that it is possible to muse there, even in the daytime. Walking through the arcade with its low roof, I have often agreed with Macaulay's remark when he went to live there, that it was a college life in the West End of London. That is to say, for Macaulay and for me, if I were rich enough to live in Albany: other famous tenants have led lives there not possible in colleges:

> If ancient tales say true nor wrong those holy men.

Many an interesting man has lived in Albany. One of the most attractive of them all to me, and one who more than most of the others may be supposed to haunt Piccadilly, is Mat Lewis, "the Monk," and since his fame is something dimmed now, I will treat him with some circumstance.

Most of us, as we grow older, abandon any feud we may have had, or been thought to have, with Mrs. Grundy. Now and then, however, I still feel a stir of my young dislike of her exploits, and it is an attraction for me in poor Mat Lewis that he was notable among Mrs. Grundy's victims.

Matthew Gregory Lewis was born in 1775, the son of a rich man, and was sent to Westminster and Christ Church, and after that to Weimar and Paris. He plunged into writing early, and had written poems, a novel, a comedy—all by seventeen and all forgotten. He was an *attaché* at The Hague in 1794, and there he wrote his most famous work, now also forgotten, "Ambrosio, or the Monk," which was ultimately to destory him socially. At first, however, it made him fashionable, very fashionable, and that precisely was what Mat Lewis, a harmless, vain, good-natured creature, most wished to be. A literary lion in "Society" he was a fashionable lion among authors. It was a great event for an aspiring author

to be presented to Mat Lewis, as we know from the confession of one of them, namely—who do you think it was?—Walter Scott. Of all the revenges of time in the matter of authorship, I think this one of the oddest—that Walter Scott was proud to know Mat Lewis and to receive his quite good-natured patronage.

Mat was bringing out his "Tales of Wonder," and Erskine told him that one Walter Scott, a young advocate in Edinburgh, had translated some stirring things from the German. A correspondence followed, and later Mat went down to Edinburgh and asked Scott to dinner, and Scott confessed—with the utter absence of conceit native to that noble character—confessed thirty years later that he had never felt such elation before. He had seen Burns when he was seventeen, and this was the first poet he had seen since. Poor Mat!

So Mat Lewis was a lion in the literary world and the fashionable, enjoying it vastly, being, as Scott tells us,

> fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. He had always dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title. You would have sworn he had been a parvenu of yesterday, yet he had lived all his life in good society.

Byron, too, has a story of Lewis crying at Oatlands because the Duchess of York had "said something *so* kind" to him. "Never mind, Lewis, don't cry. She could not mean it," said a brutal listener.

Mat was also a bore, "a good man," says Byron, "a clever man, but a bore, a damned bore, one may say." Scott tells us—and it is something for a man's memory that it is kept alive, so far as it is so, by Scott and Byron—of Charles Fox in his latter days, very fat and lethargic, enduring an attack from Lewis, "like a fat ox which for some time endures the persecution of a buzzing fly, rather than rise to get rid of it; and then at last he got up, and heavily plodded his way to the other side of the room."

Yet this absurd little snob and bore was the kindest creature alive, sharing his income with his mother, who was

separated from his father, and when his father, enraged, cut it down by half sharing *that*, and doing good by stealth. Imagination he had—not of a broad and sweeping kind—fantastic, weird, rather morbid, but yet imagination, and after all the hob-goblin terrors which seem childish to us struck a serious note for those days. Clever, too, was Mat Lewis, and a man of taste, with a notable ear for rhythm.

We can see him in Albany, K. 1, in his glory, an extremely small and boyish figure, "the least man I ever saw to be strictly well and neatly made," says Scott, with queer eyes which "projected like those of some insect, and were flattish in their orbit." He had the panels of his bookcases filled with looking-glasses, and kept a black servant.

It was cruel and wanton in Mrs. Grundy to persecute this harmless little personage, with his snobbery and tediousness and projecting eyes and kindly heart—cruel because, for a clever man, he must have felt it so bitterly, and wanton, because she really could not have cared. Mathias, in the "Pursuits of Literature" attacked his famous book "The Monk" on the score of blasphemy and indecency, and Mrs. Grundy, who had never read it, but had exalted Lewis on the strength of its brilliant reputation, took alarm. There was a fierce outcry against Mat; an injunction was moved for against his book and—oh dear! oh dear!—"young ladies," says the invaluable Captain Gronow, "were forbidden to speak to him." The Monk, one remembers, though a wealthy, was not a marrying man, and conceivably the matrons had a spite against him. It was very like Mrs. Grundy, but it was hard in her to do it to Mat Lewis who so loved her smiles.

Perhaps the Monk was embittered by this treatment, or perhaps he hated Sheridan anyhow, but his verses on Sheridan were not characteristic of his good nature.

> For worst abuse of finest parts
> Was Misophil begotten;
> There might indeed be *blacker* hearts
> But none could be more *rotten*.

I am sure it was not because Sheridan had scored off him about his play, *Castle Spectre*—a fine name, is it not?—replying to Mat's offer to bet on some occasion what Sheridan owed him for it as manager, that he never made large bets, but would bet him what it was worth.

Mat's kindliness, however, co-existed with some capacity for quarrelling, and indeed one commonly finds the two qualities together: he who never quarrels is apt to be a little cold-blooded or so, and not much given to active benevolence. Lord Melbourne told Charles Greville an odd tale of the Monk's quarrel with Sir Henry Lushington. It was convenient to Mat to stay with Lushington and his sister at Naples; so he wrote to suspend the quarrel, and after the visit wrote to resume it—the *status quo ante pacem*—and did so "with rather more acharnement than before." There is a suggestion of character in this, I think—of something solid below the folly and vanity.

The Monk's father died in 1812 leaving plantations in the West Indies, whither Mat journeyed in 1815. He made Byron a parting present of some preserved ginger, which his affectionate friend said he would never eat without tears—it was so hot. He visited Byron at Venice on his return, and went riding with the poet by the Brenta, the greater aud absent-minded poet leading the way, the lesser and short-sighted poet following—into a ditch and into the river and into collision with the diligence, but all the time "talking without intermission, for he was a man of many words." On an expedition with Walter Scott, poor Mat grew weary and had to be carried, "in his shooting-array of a close sky-blue jacket, and the brightest red pantaloons I ever saw on a human breech. He also had a kind of feather in his cap."

This dear, ridiculous creature went again to Jamaica in 1817, with the characteristic intention of improving the condition of the slaves, and died on the voyage home, of yellow fever. They buried his body at sea, but his spirit must have gone on to England, and stayed awhile in Albany, K. 1,

with the mirror-panelled bookcases. It is strange that this sham great author, with his bubble reputation of a day, should be yet alive for us, not pilloried by some Pope, but gently and affectionally recorded and pictured by two authentic giants of his trade.

> I would give many a Sugar Cane,
> Monk Lewis were alive again!

said Byron, and "I would pay my share," added Scott. They are gone to him now, and one fancies their ghosts in Piccadilly, stumping with the limp both had in life, smiling protectingly, and this absurd little figure, wonderfully dressed, strutting garrulous between them.

Another vanished memory, so far as work of his own is concerned, is that of Henry Luttrell, who lived in I. 5. But Albany and Piccadilly seem to belong more to our social than our literary history, and from no gossip that has to do with the social life of his time can Henry Luttrell be omitted. Yet there is little to say of him now. "Where are the snows of yester year?" one may ask of dead wits almost as surely as of dead beauties. Luttrell was a great wit of his day—the first half or so of the nineteenth century—and one meets him in memoirs far more respectfully noticed than poor Mat Lewis. He was one of those men, unhappily less frequently met now than then, who are of real and definite account in the society of their day for purely social merits—without position or money, or a mob-acclaimed repute. He was the author, it is true, of the "Letters to Julia," which had a fashionable vogue, and were a guarantee of mental parts in the eyes of his contemporaries; but his reputation could not have endured long on this one achievement. His birth was "obscure"; he was, in fact, an illegitimate son of Lord Carhampton. His means were slender, and he had no political importance.

Luttrell owed his social position simply to his social qualities: he was agreeable, a good talker, and had a fund of sound

sense at the service of his friends. He and Samuel Rogers hunted in couples; it was said they were seldom seen apart, but that when they were either abused the other. But if he abused Sam Rogers, he abused no one else: his wit was said to be as kind as the banker-poet's was malignant. It is a pleasant memory to have left behind one: pity it should be faded.

Greater men, of course, than Mat Lewis or Henry Luttrell have lived in Albany. Of Byron I shall write later. Bulwer Lytton afterwards lived in Byron's rooms, A. 2, as no doubt he was delighted to live. You can picture him, if you like, putting on the stays which so greatly annoyed Tennyson, and otherwise making the most of himself. Other men, too, whose names mean something, but either I do not see their ghosts in Piccadilly, or I have nothing to say of them in this sort of light narration. It is clearly impossible, however, to pass over Thomas Babington Macaulay.

I do not pretend to believe, personally, for a moment, that Macaulay's ghost wastes time in haunting any scene of his labour on earth. Wherever he is I am sure he is talking hard, or writing earnestly, for the instruction of his companions, and has no leisure to muse on the accidents of his past. He is ready to furnish, I am sure, the exact and complete dates of his residence in Albany, the amount of his rent—it was £90, by the way, if you care to know—and a vigorous analysis of its advantages and defects. You cannot expect any hovering from this matter-of-fact intelligence, and your illusion of his presence must be entirely subjective. Still, if you like to imagine him in Albany it is easy to do so.

We know the furniture of his sitting-room in E. 1, when he went to live there in 1840. He had, Sir George Trevelyan tells us,

half a dozen fine engravings from his favourite great masters; a handsome French clock, provided with a singularly melodious set of chimes, the gift of his friend and publisher, Mr. Thomas Longman; and the well-known bronze

statuettes of Voltaire and Rousseau (neither of them heroes of his own) which had been presented to him by Lady Holland as a remembrance of her husband.

And we can imagine the historian himself seated at his desk amid these agreeable surroundings, a short, stout man with a homely face and a fine forehead. There he wrought the first two volumes of his history, and there he got for them the £20,000, at which later historians marvel and weep. We can imagine him, further, in his dressing-room, making clumsy efforts to tie his neckcloth, and trying to shave with an unskilful hand, since these physical peculiarities are recorded of him. Completing his toilet and looking round his apartment, he reflected with pleasure on the college life in the West End of London, to which I have already referred, and also—I quote from the same letter of his—to the fact that it was "in a situation which no younger son of a duke would be ashamed to be put on his card." It was rather a trivial reflection for a philosopher, but the greatest of us have our trivial moments.

Perhaps it is best, however, to imagine Macaulay at one of his famous breakfasts. There he sits, and if you have the critical temper of Mr. Charles Greville, you would notice that his voice was unmusical and monotonous, and his face heavy and dull—with nothing about him, in fact, to bespeak the genius and learning within. But much evidence of the genius and learning would have been given you had you really been there. Any subject you mentioned your host would know all about, and tell all about, until some one who might take liberties, like Lady Holland, would say it was enough, when he would stop as one replaces a book on a shelf—and take down another. If you put a question to him while the conversation was general he would wait for a pause, and then repeat it and give his answer to the table: that, at least, was Mrs. Brookfield's experience. Presently, if you were lucky, you would enjoy one of his "brilliant flashes of silence," as Sydney Smith called them. One of Macaulay's breakfasts is described by the late Duke of Argyll. (It is pleasing to know that so very cock-sure a personage as Macaulay was admired

by the Duke, who was not diffident.) It was the day of table-turning, and they tried the experiment with a heavy table. Macaulay pooh-poohed the idea, but for all that the table had the temerity to turn violently. Did any one give it a push? was the question put to each guest by the host. One of them was Bishop Wilberforce, "Soapy Sam," renowned for saying the comforting thing, and so when all the rest denied, he admitted that he might have unconciously given a slight push. It would have been quite insufficient for the effect, but Macaulay's great mind was relieved. A scene for an observer of comic character.

I notice with regret that I have not written of Macaulay so genially as I am wont to write. His personality does not attract me, I fear, and then he was a partisan in history, and in my own little reading I incline to be a partisan on the other side. Well, we all have our prejudices and Macaulay's memory can afford mine. Besides, as I said, I am in no fear of meeting his ghost.

G. S. STREET.

THE SECRET OF JAPANESE PATRIOTISM

UNQUESTIONABLY the most interesting world phenomenon of the nineteenth century was the revolution in Japan—a bloodless revolution, whose consequences are so far-reaching that it is impossible to see the end of them. A great deal of attention has been directed by the Western world to this new phase in the East, and no side of the subject has been more debated than that which deals with the ethical, moral, and spiritual influences which have produced that extraordinary type, the modern Japanese. We are aware that the phenomena of Western life can be referred to certain causes and influences; we can trace the peculiarities of our social system to their origin; we can estimate the moulding force of various philosophies and divine the obligations of our civilisation to more than one form of the great Western religion. When, however, we attempt a similar process with an Oriental people like the Japanese we become at once conscious that we are attempting what is, relatively, impossible. In the first place, we have to translate their ideas into our own terms, often quite inadequate. We have as yet no common ground of language on which to become acquainted with each other. The Japanese, trained in Western universities, uses our terms in the sense in which we apply them—he finds the greatest difficulty in giving them a Japanese equivalent.

No better illustration of this can be given than the word "patriotism." How often have Japanese in the West extricated themselves from a conversational dilemma by replying to the question, "What is the the religion of Japan?" by the assertion that "patriotism" fills the place in the minds and hearts of his countrymen which Westerners fill with religion. This explanation is utterly misleading unless one understands the meaning read into the word by the Japanese themselves. To a Westerner it implies something concrete, positive, active; the defence of hearth and home primarily, extending to the defence of geographical and political boundaries, or of the ideals and civilisation with which his country is identified.

Such a virtue as this patriotism has in all times and in all places been held of the highest moral value; it has even been regarded as specially attracting divine favour and ensuring reward in a future life; but it has always rested on a materialistic basis, and could not be regarded as a religion in any sense of the word. Of late years it has fallen into disfavour in certain Western countries, and a gospel of altruism, without boundaries of geography or race, is being preached in its stead. It is therefore increasingly difficult for Western peoples to see in patriotism, as conceived by them, a sufficient inspiration for a nation to accomplish all that Japan has done. We are deeply conscious of the part played in our own evolution by conceptions of a loftier nature than that of our earthly citizenship—even "of no mean city"—and by the conviction of spiritual revelation which from time to time has acted as a spur to urge the various races of the West onwards and upwards in the path of evolution. Are we to find in Japan no equivalent to our own religious experience? Is she to be the first nation able, on a basis merely of rationalism, to rise to greatness? Such a conclusion would be possible if we accepted as it stands the hackneyed statement that patriotism is the religion of Japan.

We can, of course, find a great deal of history to prove that

Japan has never been indifferent to religion. An elementary account of that country will inform us that the people profess one of the three great organised creeds of the world—Buddhism—and at the same time retain a native cult known as Shinto. It is, however, difficult to estimate the precise character of the influence wielded by these two forms of religious belief. A closer (though brief) examination of their history may help us to understand better the attitude of the Japanese.

All people, however primitive, have a rudimentary religion. It is debated as to whether they pass first through the animistic period, in which they worship familiar objects, or the ghost period, in which the problem of life and death assails them, and they are constrained by the conviction of immortality within them to believe that, though the body perishes, the *ego* it enshrines remains alive. The "ghost religion" was undoubtedly the foundation of all religion. The spirits of the departed play a part in the conceptions of every race of mankind. At some period in race-evolution they are endowed with supernatural powers and become deities, but even before a genuine mythology is evolved the cult of ancestor-worship is a natural outcome of this "ghost religion." The monotheistic conception is obviously a much later one, and we are not concerned with it here; it is sufficient to note that even in the most modern and civilised of monotheistic communities the traces of an earlier faith still linger in the form of numerous superstitions.

The Japanese had arrived at a comparatively advanced stage of this natural religion at the time when their real history begins, although they cannot be said to have possessed at this period any definite form of belief or worship. At a later date their beliefs and practices were gathered into a more coherent form and called Shinto—"the divine way"—but this was after the introduction of Buddhism in the sixth century, and was a measure intended to enable the ancient faiths to withstand the onslaughts of the Indian religion. The study of early Japanese beliefs is of the deepest interest, both

sociologically and metaphysically, and here, as in China, it is possible to trace back to the dawn of history, and even into the region of fable, certain clearly defined traits of character or peculiarities of development. For the purposes of this article, however, we must confine ourselves to two salient points—the worship of ancestors and the intimate connection between temporal and spiritual power.

In considering these it is impossible to differentiate between China and Japan, so closely is the evolution of the latter involved with that of the former. The "Book of Changes," the classic, ethical work of China, dates back to a prehistoric period, at least B.C. 1000. The ideas formulated in it run through all Chinese and Japanese philosophy, and colour the ideas of both races to this day. This book attempted to explain the phenomena of life in philosophic terms which had their foundation, not in scientific observation, but in mysticism. Unreal and abstract as these ideas seem to us to-day, childish as we may deem the doctrines of "masculine and feminine elements" and "forces of sympathy and antipathy," these conceptions have a hold on the Chinese and Japanese mind that modern scientific enlightenment has, as yet, been unable to shake. The ingrained mysticism of the Oriental, what we consider his "fatalism and superstition," lies too deep to be disturbed by any surface current, and he is not to be convinced of error by the cocksureness of modern scientists, who sometimes think they can measure the universe with their foot-rule.

The worship of ancestors was not part of this mysticism, though the "Book of Changes" accepts and confirms it. It was a natural and logical sequence of the "ghost religion" period; and, as China never produced an indigenous monotheism, her people went on during long ages elaborating their system. The Japanese dawn on history with the ancestor cult fully established, and, moreover, with a comparatively logical explanation of it. Their cosmogony included many gods, good and evil, some of animistic derivation, others shadowy "elements of evil." Generally speaking, however,

their principal gods were good and beneficent, and from these they conceived themselves to be directly descended. To condense their mythology down to its essentials, they believed in a pantheon of immortals, and, besides, a large community of invisible spirits of the departed, some of whom were to be deified or had already attained that honour. The happiness of the living depended on the goodwill and favour of the dead, but they, in their turn, could not be happy without certain acts of remembrance on the part of the living. This is the essential feature of the cult called "ancestor-worship," which in modern everyday Japanese life consists in a few words of invocation for the blessing of the departed and in certain offerings of food, made in an emblematic sense.

The feature of this cult with which we are specially concerned is its sociological influence. The effect of a system which renders the members of a family mutually interdependent —not in this life only, but from age to age—was to develop the family on lines quite different from those familiar to us in our own civilisation. The family on earth and the family which has already joined the world of disembodied spirits are one. To disregard the acts of reverence and sacrifice which ensure peace to one's dead ancestors is matricide and patricide —every crime rolled into one—in Chinese or Japanese eyes. To break away from this tradition implies the uprooting of fundamental beliefs and the breaking of the closest family ties. The effect has been anti-individualistic. No man belongs to himself. Only in the earliest years of childhood does he enjoy a measure of freedom—one, indeed, which seems to Westerners, accustomed to discipline their children, almost excessive. From the time his school life begins, however, the restraint is tightened, and it is applied in that most potent form, public opinion. Maturity and marriage bring to the young Japanese a measure of responsibility which will only increase with years, as the head, or prospective head, of the family on earth. It is the sense of obligation (and the reality of obligation, as enforced by the united weight of family

opinion) which is the first formative influence. Outside it is yet another circle, which also has its cult—the community. The family is only part of this wider circle, and the domestic cult is expanded by the admission of certain communal ancestors, whose shrines are likened by Lafcadio Hearn to the parish churches of our own civilisation. But the community (or clan) is involved in a still greater circle, that of the State; and here, at the circumference of this widening range of influence, we also, by a paradox, reach its centre, and begin to appreciate the Japanese idea of patriotism.

When the mythology of Japan passed into a self-conscious stage, and her vague religion was formulating, the essential feature of her society was aristocratic, as is that of all young societies. Consequently her religion also was aristocratic. The ruling family could claim no higher descent than that common to all Japanese; but by degrees it was recognised to belong to a superior order of god-ancestors. The apparent absurdity of this mythology, thus crudely stated, is an injustice to the Japanese, who embody in it merely the sense of divine origin which finds expression among all religious people. The dynasty thus divinely originated was that of priest-rulers for many centuries, and for a long period was entirely divorced from political power by the rise of a military caste, which usurped the functions of government. This military despotism followed the usual course of its kind, and saw the rise and fall of several dynasties; but behind it, to reassert itself at the critical moment, was the one god-descended dynasty of Mikados, which has held the throne of Japan since her history began. The widest circle of the ancestor cult is that which reaches the ancestors, not of family or clan, but of the State; and thus the ceremony, through which all official Japanese must pass on certain days, of offering reverence to the ancestral tablets of the emperor is an outward sign of the deep loyalty to the dynasty and the recognition of its position as the central fact not only in the political but the sociological structure of the Japanese nation.

Buddhism did not upset the ancestor cult. The Indian religion, with its wealth of ritual, definite teaching, and high ethical code, was acceptable to high and low in Japan, meeting the intellectual and æsthetic needs of the former and the ignorant cravings of the latter, who, under the early form of Shinto, were left outside the ranks of the privileged. Buddhism had already, in its passage through Central Asia, China, and Korea, lost its original purity and austerity, and (itself free from mythological elements) had adopted wholesale the race-cults of the peoples it proselytised. The gods of heathen pantheons became the incarnations of Buddha, and the worship of ancestors was permitted (in a religion which acknowledged no survival of personality after death) as the reverence paid to the soul elements of ancestors during the period ensuing between their incarnations. The synthetic minds of the Oriental are more capable of reconciling such conflicting ideas than our own analytical ones, but the predominant factor in assuring the success of Buddhism in China was the fact that it was not only devoid of political ambitions, but also helped to strengthen the Government. The Chinese Emperor to-day is recognised as possessing spiritual as well as temporal power, since he can forbid, for a period, the reincarnation of wrong-doers. Buddhism did not interfere either in China or in Japan with the practical identity between Church and State any more than with ancestor-worship, though it introduced new features in a fresh code of ethics and an ecclesiastical order and system of sacerdotalism. In Japan it was at one time suspected of a design to undermine the State, and was subjected to persecutions, but by the ninth century it had spread widely and had absorbed the religious feeling of the country.

Buddhism reached China, and eventually Japan, in a form very different from that in which Gaudama gave it to the world in the fifth century B.C., but, varied as both its form and its influence have been, it contains one constant central idea of great importance. All other religions have as their basic idea

the elevation of the divine or supernatural element in Nature. Buddhism alone conceives of man as the supreme factor in world-evolution—the master of his own fate. No deity, in the sense of an entity with power over man, is recognised. The survival of conscious identity after death has no part in the pure Buddhist doctrines, consequently the Christian, Islamic, and pagan beliefs in a future of reward or punishment are all discounted. Nevertheless, the soul is composed of immortal elements, good and evil, and as a man cultivates these in one life so they will be reincarnated either in higher or lower forms of creation. The Japanese had no conception of heaven or hell before Buddhism came to them. Had they received it pure from the lips of Gaudama, they might have been spared the materialistic idea of future happiness or misery altogether ; but, as a matter of fact, very realistic rewards and torments were apportioned in the faith as they received it. The tendency of the higher philosophic forms of Buddhism to develop as a gospel of nothingness, and, at the other end of the intellectual scale, its perversion into gross superstitions and practical polytheism, were never illustrated among the Japanese. The optimism and virility of their character caused them to interpret Buddhism in an original manner, and it is to-day a practical, vital, even a missionary religion, despite the fact that it has ceased to enjoy any official support from Government.

The effect of Buddhism on ancestor-worship in its three forms was to strengthen the ideals underlying it. The precepts of love, gentleness, self-control, and contemplation inculcated by the Indian religion were exactly what was needed to make the difficult family life possible. Only habits of peace, courtesy, and self-effacement could make the obligations bearable. The old religion of Japan had no simple code of ethics for the poor and ignorant; these were supplied by Buddhism, just as Confucius taught his code of etiquette, worldly wisdom, and political morality to the more highly educated and thoughtful. Shinto was now given its name,

and took definite form as the earlier, if not altogether indigenous, cult of the Japanese; but it languished and was almost absorbed by Buddhism, and for a time the two forms of worship were found in the same temple, as to-day they are sometimes still held in equal respect by one person.

The idea of the dignity of humanity, the sovereignty of man, of which the germ is found in the teachings of Buddha, fitted in a curious manner, only possible by a synthetic process, into the Japanese ethical and political conceptions. The logical sequence of the Buddhistic theory of man's place in the universe is the recognition of responsibility, and throughout the whole system of life in Japan this idea runs like a crimson thread. It is the individual who has himself only to think of who can be irresponsible—the type of whom we say in the West, "He is no man's enemy but his own!" Such a conception is impossible to a Buddhist, or to one who recognises the links which bind a man to his dead ancestors as well as to his future descendants. The Oriental is never merely an independent individual; he is always part of an interdependent community. The Buddhist can never console himself with the thought that his faults can injure only himself. The burden of life, the full sense of human dignity and responsibility, weighs heavily on these people; and it is only long centuries of training in self-control and discipline which gives them the power of fulfilling their obligations without obvious effort.

The Japanese go further than most Orientals in claiming for themselves a nature essentially good. The Christian doctrine of original sin is repugnant to them. Children of the gods, they claim that goodness is natural, not acquired. For this reason they do not acknowledge the need of any ethical system or elaborate form of worship, and it is this view which has helped them to evolve, out of elements found in Chinese philosophy—the lofty conceptions of *Tao*, "the divine way"—the right relation of man to the universe, which, if he can only place his feet within it, will lead him

without conscious effort to the highest point of evolution. This semi-mystical idea, fed by Buddhist transcendentalism, fostered by the Japanese pride of divine descent, and favoured by their natural qualities of idealism mixed with practical common sense, has been the root of many interesting developments in the spiritual life of the Japanese.

Bushido—the way of the warrior—is one of these phases. It was originally a revolt of the military or *samurai* class against the effeminacy and luxury which developed after the eighth century. Among the virtues it inculcated none was more prominent than loyalty; but the most striking feature is, perhaps, its insistence on the dignity of the individual, as exemplified in the choice of death rather than dishonour, and in the inviolability of the word, once passed.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries saw a literary revival of Shinto, or, as it was termed, "pure Shinto." This revival veiled a political revolution against the usurpation of power by the military rulers, the Shoguns, or regents. By reviving the prestige of the semi-divine dynasty of the Mikados the military power was undermined. With the dawn of the new era the cult of everything purely Japanese set in with vigour, and in an attempt to purify the Shinto temples of the Indian religion and its emblems many art treasures were destroyed. The central fact in the religious upheaval of this period was the recognition of the dynasty as divinely descended and ordained, and to this day, although the Government has now severed all connection with religion in practice, the political system of Japan is essentially a part of the religious belief of her people.

Modern education must modify to a great extent some of the animistic beliefs and superstitions, but at present it has not sensibly shaken the age-old cult which is the basis of sociology and ethics—ancestor-worship. Undoubtedly the "worship" is assuming the form of memorial rites, and the modern shrines and temples partake more and more of this character, while the sacrifices of an earlier period have for a long time

been as symbolic in character as our own custom of placing flowers on graves.

A more serious disintegrating influence will be found in the exigencies of industrial life, and the necessary weakening of communal ties; but the tendency seems to be, when a community is broken up, for it to recrystallise in another form. Many of the phenomena of Japanese life which have recently gained our admiration are not so much due to the power of organisation, found in a limited degree among the Chinese, as the incapacity for individual action which is the result of ages of compulsory co-operation.

While Shinto is recognised as a political cult, and supplies the Japanese Government with the spiritual sanction without which no Oriental system could be maintained, it does not, has never been able to, fill the place left vacant by its no-creed. The more highly educated Japanese might, perhaps, have turned to Christianity to fill this void, were it not that they, like the Chinese, distrust the influence of that religion for political reasons. The sixteenth century saw what might have been a successful revolution of Japanese Christians, only quelled by ruthless massacre and determined extirpation of all native Christians as well as their Jesuit and Franciscan teachers. Moreover, the modern Christian missionary would not temporise, as did the early Jesuits (who were so successful both in China and Japan), with the cult of ancestor-worship, and the result is the fear that Christianity, if it were to spread widely in either country, might break up the family ideal, the communal basis of society, and eventually the State itself.

The tendency of the politico-religious element in Japan is, therefore, rather anti-Christian than otherwise, and in recent times it has been reinforced from very influential quarters. The result has been a revival of Buddhism, which is now held up as the race-religion of the East, a bond of union between all who hold it, and a stimulus to race-patriotism. The incidents of this movement, which is far more active than is usually

imagined, cannot be related here, but those who watch the currents of popular feeling in the Far East cannot fail to be struck with the reality of the Buddhist revival, and its possibilities as fundamentally a pure, intellectual, and philosophic religion, and capable of revival and reformation in forms peculiarly suited to the needs of educated Japan. The political side of the revival is of the greatest significance, especially in the relations between Japan and China.

One curious paradox remains to be noted. The doctrine of divine right, the inculcation of unswerving loyalty, is modified by the Japanese (and Chinese) conception of human dignity. Personal responsibility is not merged in blind obedience, and each Japanese, however unswerving in his loyalty, however humble his station, believes that he carries a natural mandate to redress wrong in a superior. So deep is his sense of this responsibility that he (or even she, for women are not exempt) will commit suicide as a protest against the misconduct of a superior if no other course is open. Carried to its logical conclusion, this conviction has led to rebellions and revolutions against the direct descendant of the gods. Confucian philosophy, which formed Japanese ideas to so great an extent, laid it down that the divine right of rulers is only valid so long as it works for the good of the people, and such an idea, although not consciously formulated by the Japanese, has frequently inspired their conduct.

We find, even in this brief sketch of the spiritual and ethical ideas of the Japanese, that patriotism, if the word is used in the Western sense, is totally inadequate to cover all that it implies to a Japanese mind. Taken in the Japanese sense, it may well be regarded as a religion, since it possesses the essentials of any true religion—the recognition of supreme power controlling the affairs of man, the practice of certain rites of prayer and praise, and conformity with rules of life. Patriotism means loyalty not in any limited sense, but to the family (dead and living), to the clan or community, and to the State as the larger family. It covers a range of obligations

which constitute an unwritten, but binding, code of morals. It involves acquiescence in the ethical code of the "way," without which no patriot can hope to be a worthy son of his country. At the same time it carries with it that sense of moral responsibility, not only for himself but for the State of which he is a unit, which is such an extraordinary inspiration to the patriot, and inspires him to such heights of self-sacrifice. The lives spent in the practice of patriotism do not always lie in the more showy paths of personal bravery. They are to be seen in the class-room, in the factory, in the Government office, in every department of modern life and work where the modern Japanese is striving, without hope of personal reward, pecuniary or otherwise, to urge forward the development of his country.

The genuine nature of this inspiration, the lofty character of its ideal, cannot be denied; but the whole fabric rests on a foundation of semi-mythical beliefs and antiquated social customs which will now have to stand the shock of contact and rivalry with the forces of democracy. Japan has deliberately adopted a course which commits her to competition with Western nations, and competition is a cruel master. The ethical basis of Japanese life must be shaken by it, and the conditions it imposes destroy for ever the ancient civilisation founded on mutual responsibility and forbearance. The extremes of poverty and wealth and the other disquieting and inevitable accompaniments of advanced industrialism are already making their appearance. The most dangerous disintegrating factor, however, will be the doctrine of individualism, and it remains to be seen whether the peculiar form of patriotism in Japan, which makes it synonymous with religion, can be adjusted to make it fit in with this essentially Western and highly infectious doctrine.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

STEADY-FLOATING MARINE STRUCTURES

WHAT bids fair to prove one of the most momentous inventions in the history of naval development has had its origin in Los Angeles. It is an invention that will revolutionise the construction of breakwaters, piers, railroad terminal harbours, lighthouses and lightships, floating forts, and practically every other kind of stationary marine structure for deep waters.

The desirability of some form of structure that would float steadily despite the action of the waves has been fully appreciated for many generations. Within modern times numerous attempts have been made to secure stability of flotation, but these have heretofore failed because they have attempted to defy the laws of nature instead of making these laws subserve man's purpose. Men have failed to realise that, on the surface, the power of the ocean is practically unlimited, below the surface the calm is unbroken and the element stable. It has remained for a Scottish engineer, Mr. W. E. Murray, to discover how nature herself may be made to help in providing steady-floating platforms of all kinds for use in wave disturbed waters, and when his simple yet ingenious solution of the problem is supplied the wonder only grows why it was not applied long ago. In this connection, however, it has to be remembered that recent progress in the use of steel for all

manner of construction work to-day renders possible to the engineer schemes which twenty years ago would have been impossible.

The principle on which the Murray system of steady-floating foundations for marine structures is based, lies in the practical application of two well-known scientific laws: firstly, that the wave disturbed stratum of the ocean is comparatively shallow, extending to a depth of only a few feet even in rough weather, and at a maximum to fifteen feet even in the most tempestuous conditions of the ocean; and secondly, that with increasing depth there is increasing pressure of the superimposed water on any submerged body. Whereas all previous experimenters who have tackled the problem of steady-flotation have committed the cardinal error of leaving their structures in the wave disturbed stratum, that is to say, on the top of the ocean, Mr. Murray goes boldly down into the dense and motionless waters that lie below, and there he places the great mass of weight and the vast proportion of surface area of his floating structures. A floating body thus submerged, and kept submerged by a properly regulated and properly distributed load, is then embedded in a resisting medium. It is rigid and immovable, and any superstructure raised upon it, such as the tower for a lighthouse or the gun platform for a fortress, and so designed that the minimum surface is exposed to wave action, remains in stable equilibrium. There is virtually no oscillation of the entire structure even amongst heavy billows, as the momentary blow of each wave is negatived by the steady, strong resistance of the ponderous portion of the floating structure immersed in the still lower waters.

While the structures may be of any shape or size, a broad projecting flange at the base is a feature of all of them. This forms a very important part of the invention, for it obviates the necessity of going to inconvenient depths to attain the required rigidity. If the great heavily-weighted flange at the base is to be disturbed from its horizontal position, on the one side the immense column of water resting on it has to be lifted

bodily, while on the other side a wall of resisting water has to be pushed aside and the flange itself thrust down into a resisting cushion of water. No wave blow, which is a momentary impact and not a continuous force like the push of a locomotive engine, can effect this, simple mathematical calculations showing that the static resistance is such that, with a two-thousand-pound blow to the square foot above, there will be only the oscillation of a fraction of a degree of an angle in the entire structure. In other words, the majority controls the minority, and what is virtually perfect steadiness of flotation is secured.

Nature affords a prototype of the Murray steady-floating steel structure in the great icebergs encountered in subarctic waters. These detached fragments of glaciers have the immense proportion of their mass submerged in the deep, dense and undisturbed lower waters, and therefore sit rigid and motionless amidst the billows. The Murray breakwater or the Murray lighthouse improves upon the iceberg, for the buoyant structure of steel enables the maximum load to be kept low down, while the wide projecting flange secures stability at a depth of only forty or fifty feet below the surface of the ocean.

The commercial applications of this invention are of bewildering variety. Lighthouses can be constructed at a fraction of the cost of stone structures, for they can be built where materials and labour are cheapest, and then towed to the point where they are required and there anchored. They can be located at any suitable distance from the actual point of danger, thus giving vessels the security of a wider offing. Our coast-lines may be so lighted that a ship, keeping well out to sea, can navigate from beacon to beacon. With a modified form of lighthouse, we get lightships and light buoys that will at night time show the course into a harbour just as clearly as a city street is now illuminated.

Where breakwaters are now impossible owing to the depth of water, the steady floating structures can supply the want,

and with great economy. For in the case of existing breakwaters it is only the top portion that is required to do the work; all of the structure below the fifteen-foot stratum of wave-disturbed waters is simply the foundation—and a very costly foundation—for the effective superstructure. By the new system we have simply the minimum foundation; by applying the laws of flotation, the sea below is used as a support on which the breakwater rests. On this principle terminal railroad harbours can be constructed at any point of the coast. Piers and jetties can be sent out from the shore line quite regardless of the depth of water. Railway bridges across arms of the sea or of great lakes can be built—ideal bridges, for they are not suspended in mid-air, but are supported and cushioned by the waters in which they are immersed.

Other applications are coalings tations at sea, relay stations for wireless telegraphy, steady-floating platforms for raising sunken vessels, floating hospitals, quarantine stations, hotels, bath-houses, and so on.

While the commercial uses of the invention are so varied and so valuable, there is also a naval and military side that is of quite equal importance. The provision of an absolutely steady gun platform for floating fortresses on the open seas marks a new departure that will revolutionise the whole system of coast defences and must materially change the naval construction plans of every nation. Opposed to any hostile fleet seeking to bombard or attack a coastal city, harbour, arsenal or dockyard, there can now be placed, well out to sea, a screen of defensive forts that will render aggressive approach impossible. Each of these forts will have far more deadly efficiency than any battleship afloat, for it will be able to mount more guns, to fire with greater rapidity because of its steady flotation, and to aim with a deadly certainty quite impossible on a rolling vessel. The steady-floating forts themselves are quite invulnerable, for they cannot only be protected by any thickness of armour plate, but with the target they present, sloped at at angle of forty-five degreees or more,

penetration by shell fire is impossible—any projectile hitting them would glance harmlessly into the air. Supplemented by mine fields between the forts and a screen of submerged steady-floating torpedo-stations still further out to sea, this system of coast defence will render a coast city quite immune to attack or bombardment.

At the price of a single battleship at least half a dozen Murray steady-floating fortresses can be constructed, and these stationary battleships—for such in effect they are—will need no big crew of sailors, stokers, engineers, mess stewards, &c., instead of the 800 or 900 men afloat on a present day battleship, a few men behind the guns will suffice for this Murray fortress. The saving through the long years of peace will thus be enormous.

The plan for a lighthouse includes a strong hollow steel caisson whose bottom extends in a wide ledge or flange far beyond the sides, and is so rimmed and divided as to form a series of pens, in which ballast is piled to sink the structure to the proper flotation. Proper arrangements for taking in and discharging water-ballast make it possible to sink the caisson to any desired depth. At a point near the surface the top of the caisson slopes towards the centre, at a moderately acute angle, and is there joined to a strong steel tower, which in its turn supports a lofty tube or cylinder sustaining the lens-room and light. This structure is to be built wherever it can be most economically constructed, towed to the required location, anchored by numerous large chains to immense and ponderous blocks of concrete, supplied with men, provisions, &c., and placed in commission. It is not too much to expect that, in times not far distant, the shorter and more important routes of commerce may be lined with such lights, as a street is illuminated by electric arc-lights, and that the rules of the road will in ordinary weather be followed by sea-going steamers, as readily as two lines of carriages pass each other on the public way. Nor is it impossible that the great Atlantic ferry will some day be crossed by boats, whose navigators will

lay their course for and by a line of floating islets, each numbered and known by its peculiar colour and lights, and offering to the cast-away sailor a sure beacon of hope and deliverance.

Last year's toll of the remorseless sea was 1038 vessels, ranging from great battleships down to coasting craft of a few hundred tons burden. With these castaways of the deep there went down to a watery grave some eight thousand of our fellow beings. And this is a recurring yearly tragedy. Humanitarianism alone calls out for the adoption of steady-floating lighthouses, which will be capable of guarding every point of danger and so reducing to a mere fraction the present loss of precious ships and still more precious lives.

Built on similar lines, the torpedo-stations of the future, almost invisible and invulnerable to anything except torpedo attack, will guard the outer channels of our havens where no land fortress can be of use, and no vessel can be safely posted. The steadiness of the firing platform will ensure perfect accuracy of aim, and no enemy's fleet would dare oppose itself to so terrible an engine of destruction. A series of such torpedo-stations lining the coast near a large city, alternating with deep-water steady-floating forts, would make an effective blockade or naval attack impossible.

The Murray steady-floating steel fortress caps a floating caisson heavily armoured, with a revolving annular gun platform within an invulnerable turret, and furnishes a steady emplacement for the heaviest sea-coast artillery. Double the number of effective cannon for the cost of a single iron-clad; economy in garrison, wages and rations; the power of carrying defensive lines so far to sea that shot fired at them cannot reach the cities they defend; a complete circle of range; great rapidity and accuracy of fire; such are a few of the principal advantages of this system. These changes in the existing conditions of sea-coast defence are so radical, that its adoption by the leading nations of Europe would reduce

the value of national "sea-power" to an incalculable extent and with tremendous effect on the policies and destinies of nations.

A more peaceful proposition is that of great hexagonal, steady-floating, steel coaling-stations, in which the sub-sea flanges are on the inside as well as the outside of the hexagon, whose massive walls enclose an artificial lagoon. The great coal pockets are divided and strengthened by massive steel partitions, and the crest of the outer faces forms a continuous pier, at one side of which a ship can always find lee and discharge or take in coal. Moored by great steel cables imbedded in enormous masses of concrete, such a coaling-station for the purpose of war or peace can be safely located in any part of the ocean were anchorage can be found, and the irresistible force of floating ice cannot act upon it. This invention also seems likely to revolutionise the conditions of naval supremacy. In the open seas, such a coaling-station, suitably defended, would be of more value than most of the islands and havens now occupied for the purpose.

The steady-floating steel salvage platform is intended for raising sunken vessels from great depths. It is really a long, narrow dry-dock without a bottom, whose deep, hollow walls, flanged along the outside, give a flotation—steady, immovable, and capable of lifting enormous tonnage. The steady, parallel platforms, furnished with many powerful winches, make it possible to lift simultaneously and powerfully on a large number of cables or chains, and comfortable quarters and workrooms, and a snug dry-dock, enable temporary repairs to be made quickly and effectively, when a wreck is raised to the surface.

V.

GEORGE CRABBE AS A BOTANIST

OF late years there has been a marked revival of interest in the poetry of Crabbe. This may be partly due, as Dr. Ainger has suggested, to the influence of Edward FitzGerald, who was never tired of recommending to his friends "The Borough" and "The Tales." But, however, it may be explained, we see evidences of the fact, not only in the way in which many keen thinkers are drawn towards the poet of Aldeburgh; but also in Dr. Ainger's own monograph, in M. Huchon's study of "Crabbe and his Times," shortly to appear in English dress, and in the excellent edition of the poems now being issued by the Cambridge University Press.

It will of course be admitted that from the time when "The Village" appeared in 1783, Crabbe has always appealed to certain minds. Dr. Johnson wrote to Reynolds, "I have read the poem with great delight. It is original, vigorous, and elegant." Burke, we know, was Crabbe's enthusiastic admirer. It was the touching story of Phoebe Dawson that Fox asked to have read to him on his death-bed. During the last sad weeks of his life, as Scott lay dying in his study at Abbotsford, "the only books he ever called for were his Bible and his Crabbe." Byron spoke of Crabbe in 1820 as "the first of living poets," and in his famous eulogy as "Nature's sternest painter yet the best." In the same high strain of admiration passages might be quoted from Words-

worth and Tennyson, from Jeffrey and Lord Macaulay, from John Henry Newman, and from the present Bishop of Birmingham. "With all its short- and long-comings," writes Sir Leslie Stephen, "Crabbe's better work leaves its mark on the reader's mind and memory as only the work of genius can, while so many a more splendid vision slips away leaving scarce a mark behind."

It is not the purpose of the present paper to attempt to investigate those qualities which have caused Crabbe's poems to appeal to so many men of critical faculty and discernment. That task has been ably accomplished, among other writers, by Dr. Ainger in his admirable memoir of the poet in "English Men of Letters." We simply desire to call attention to one aspect of Crabbe's life, which finds expression in many passages of his writings, and which has never, we believe, been adequately treated by any of his admirers. We allude to his enthusiastic love of botany. The subject is the more interesting inasmuch as so few of our poets have been men of science. And with this passion for botany there is associated in Crabbe's poems a minuteness of description with regard to natural scenery which is new in English poetry. "Distinctness in painting the common growth of field and hedgerow may be said to have had its origin with Crabbe. Gray and Goldsmith had their own rare and special gifts to which Crabbe could lay no claim. But neither these poets," says Dr. Ainger, "nor even Thomson, whose avowed purpose was to depict nature, are Crabbe's rivals in this respect." And these descriptions of natural scenery, like most of the botanical allusions, are mainly connected with one neighbourhood. Though Crabbe passed his life in many places—for nineteen years he lived in Leicestershire, and for eighteen in Wilts—yet it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the whole of his writings turn upon Aldeburgh. The little seaside Suffolk town is of course the original of "The Village" and of "The Borough." The "Parish Register," though composed at Muston, contains

a large number of passages which bear on Aldeburgh. Most of the "Tales" have more or less association with the same place. And very striking are the descriptions of scenery in the district. Every feature of the coast which stretches between Orford and Dunwich is somewhere or other reproduced in his writings. In "The Lover's Journey" he has depicted, with wonderful fidelity, the varied scenery between Aldeburgh and Beccles. The "barren heath beside the coast"; "the lanes of burning sand," beside which "the wholesome wormwood grows," and "the dark poppy flourishes on the dry and sterile soil"; the salt marshes, intersected by ditches "with sloping banks of slimy mud," where a "grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom"; "the rushy moor," where

> There are blossoms rare, and curious rush,
> The gale's rich balm, and sun-dew's crimson blush,
> Whose velvet leaf, with radiant beauty dress'd,
> Form a gay pillow for the plover's breast;

—all are dwelt upon with the eye of a naturalist and a poet, our author realising, as he says, that "all that grows has grace," that "bog and marsh and fen, are only poor to undiscerning men."

Many are Crabbe's allusions to his native town, on which he clearly loved to dwell with feelings of affection. There is the famous passage of "almost Spenserian sweetness" at the opening of the "Tales of the Hall," where the elder brother George, "past his threescore years," returns to settle in his early home, beginning—

> He chose his native village, and the hill
> He climbed a boy had its attraction still.

Or the lines in the "Adventures of Richard," which evidently describe the lonely marsh-land between Aldeburgh and Orford—

> I loved to walk where none had walked before,
> About the rocks that ran along the shore;
>
> . . . .

> And hear the murmurs of the ocean flood,
> With not a sound beside, except when flew
> Aloft the lapwing or the grey curlew,
> Who with wild notes my fancied power defied
> And mock'd the dreams of solitary pride.

More striking still is the masterly description in "Peter Grimes" of the tidal river Alde as it flows past Slaughden Quay, with its "bounding marsh-bank" covered with coarse vegetation; with its vast stretches of mud-land, "half covered and half-dry," the haunt of gulls and other sea-birds; with the low-lying marish land beyond, where, in Crabbe's time, but not, alas! now,

> The loud bittern, from the bulrush home,
> Gave from the salt-ditch side the bellowing boom.

Nor, in touching upon our poet's power of depicting natural scenery, must allusion be omitted to several fine pictures of an autumn landscape to be found in his poems. Tennyson, we know, found it impossible to forget that "singularly beautiful picture," as Bishop Gore calls it, of a late autumn morning as it appeared to a dejected man, in "Delay has Danger." The passage is too long for quotation, but many will recognise it from the opening lines:

> Early he rose, and look'd with many a sigh,
> On the red light that fill'd the eastern sky.

Another passage, to be found in the "Maid's Story," was specially loved by Edward FitzGerald, who was never weary of quoting it to his friends, as an illustration of "how great a poet was lying neglected of men":

> There was a day, ere yet the autumn closed,
> When, ere her wintry wars, the earth reposed;
> When, from the yellow weed the feathery crown
> Light as the curling smoke, fell slowly down;
> When the wing'd insect settled in our sight,
> And waited wind to recommence her flight;
> When the wide river was a silver sheet,
> And on the ocean slept th' unanchored fleet;
> When from our garden, as we looked above,
> There was no cloud, and nothing seemed to move.

With these may be associated the lines in "The Patron," in which, according to no less a critic than Dr. Ainger, the essence of a dank and misty day in late autumn has never by any poet been seized with more perfect truth:

> Cold grew the foggy morn; the day was brief;
> Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf;
> The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
> Roar'd with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods;
> All green was vanished, save of pine and yew,
> That still displayed their melancholy hue;
> Save the green holly with its berries red,
> And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

It appears, from his son's memoir, that it was during his four years' residence at Woodbridge, where he was apprenticed to a surgeon of the town, that George Crabbe first seriously began the study of botany, which passion, his son adds, "from early life to his latest years, my father cultivated with fond zeal, both in books and in the fields." At the expiration of his term of apprenticeship Crabbe returned to Aldeburgh, hoping to find the necessary means of shortly repairing to London, and of there completing his medical education. The money, however, was not forthcoming, and for some four or five years he passed a somewhat miserable existence in his native town, assisting his father among the butter-tubs on Slaughden Quay, and at the same time earning a wretched pittance as surgeon and apothecary to the poor inhabitants of the district. Among the borough documents we find this entry under September 17, 1775:

"The Aldbro' vestry orders that Mr. George Crabbe, jun., shall be employed to cure the boy Howard of the itch, and that whenever any of the poor shall have occasion for a surgeon, the overseer shall apply to him for that purpose."

His passion for natural history now served him in good stead, and he spent much of his leisure time in searching the district around—the seashore, the marshes, the heath-lands between Thorpe and Dunwich—for rare insects and plants.

His love of botany was, however, in one sense injurious to his success; for we are told that his ignorant patients, seeing him return from his walks with handfuls of weeds, decided that as Dr. Crabbe got his medicines in the ditches he could have little claim to payment. In the summer of 1778 he made the acquaintance of the Colonel commanding the Warwickshire Militia, at that time quartered in the town, from whom he happily received many kindnesses. Among other gifts the Colonel presented him with a copy of Hudson's "Flora Anglica," then the standard work on British plants. At length, however, utterly disheartened by his uncongenial surroundings and the apparent hopelessness of his career, he determined to go to London.

One gloomy day, towards the close of the year 1779, he had strolled [his son tells us] to a bleak and cheerless part of the cliff above Aldeburgh, called "The Marsh Hill," brooding, as he went, over the humiliating necessities of his condition, and plucking every now and then, I have no doubt, the hundredth specimen of some common weed. He stopped opposite a shallow, muddy piece of water, as desolate and gloomy as his own mind, called the Leech-pond, and "it was while I gazed on it," he said to my brother and me, one happy morning, "that I determined to go to London and venture all."

We need not dwell upon the weary period of distress and poverty which followed, when "want stared him in the face and a gaol seemed the only refuge for his head." This painful time was at last relieved by the notice and friendship of Edmund Burke, under whose patronage Crabbe was enabled to publish "The Library," which marked the turning-point in his career. Acting on the advice of his powerful friend, our poet also determined to relinquish the profession of medicine for that of theology; and shortly afterwards he was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich to the curacy of his native town.

From henceforth Crabbe lived the life of a country parson, partly, after a few months spent at Aldeburgh, in Leicestershire—as chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, as curate of Stathern, and as Rector of Muston;

then for some thirteen years in Suffolk, serving the curacies of Swefling and Great Glenham; and finally, for the last eighteen years of his life, as Rector of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. His son tells us that in after years Crabbe often said that the four years he spent at Stathern were the happiest in his life. Accompanied by his young wife, he would spend long days in wandering through the deep glades and secluded paths of the surrounding woods, catching beetles and moths and butterflies, and collecting botanical specimens. Like his own "village priest" in the "Tales of the Hall,"

> He knew the plants in mountain, wood, and mead;
> . . . all that lived or moved
> Were books to him; he studied them, and loved.

During this period he contributed a chapter on the natural history of the Vale of Belvoir to Nichol's account of Leicestershire; just as afterwards, during his residence in Suffolk, he prepared for Loder's "History of Framlingham," and for the "Botanist's Guide," catalogues of local plants, which contained many species new to the county. Both in Leicestershire and Suffolk, a portion of his garden was devoted to the cultivation of rare British plants; and just before leaving Muston he was busily engaged in laying out a new botanical garden. He would also, we learn from his son's memoir, copy out with his own hand portions of expensive works on botany "of which his situation could only permit him to obtain a temporary loan." Several of these botanical note-books, through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. John Murray, I have lately had the great satisfaction of carefully examining. Written in the most exquisitely clear and beautiful handwriting, they consist for the most part of extracts from scientific "Transactions," and from costly books on botany. We meet with extracts from Curtis's "Flora Londinensis," and from the "Transactions of the Linnæan Society;" with observations on mosses, grasses, and the germination of ferns; with notes on "a New Method of preserving Fungi," on "Four new British Lichens,"

by the Rev. Hugh Davis, on "Plants newly found in Scotland," by Mr. Dickson. It is clear from the note-books that the poet was mainly interested, as indeed his son tells us, in the Grasses, Sedges, and Cryptogams. One note-book contains fifty pages—written in the same exquisite handwriting—of descriptions of British Fungi from Withering's "Botany"; another deals with the Sedges, and also includes long extracts from Withering on English Sea-weeds. Now and again we meet with a note on the medicinal virtues of plants, doubtless an interesting aspect of botany to one who had practised as a village apothecary. He notes that Mr. Gataker, surgeon of Westminster, recommended the dried leaves of the Black Nightshade (*Solanum nigrum, L.*), powdered, as a remedy for dropsy, "but this was not found to answer on trial." Again, we read that "experiments with the exprest juice of *Galium aparine* in cancers have failed." These note-books are disappointing in the sense that they contain few local allusions, but they reveal in the most striking manner the poet's rare interest in botany.

At one time, apparently during his residence in Suffolk, Crabbe wrote an English treatise on botany, which most unfortunately was never published. It appears that the work when almost completed was committed to the flames, in consequence of the remonstrances of one Mr. Davis, the Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who could not brook the idea of "degrading the science of botany by treating of it in a modern language." The reason for the destruction of the manuscript becomes the more strange when it is remembered that Withering's "Arrangement of British Plants," which superseded Hudson's "Flora Anglica," and from which, as we have seen, Crabbe had made copious extracts, had appeared only a few years before in the same unorthodox language. We learn from the son's memoirs, that the poet used sometimes regretfully to say that had the Treatise appeared at the time his friend arrested its progress, he might have had the honour of being considered the first discoverer of more than one

addition to the British Flora. He used specially to mention the rare little seaside clover, now known as *Trifolium suffocatum*, of which he always claimed to be the first discover in Britain. The plant, it appears, was first recorded as growing in England in 1792, while the exact date of Crabbe's discovery is unknown. But writing in 1794 to a botanical friend, he says: "I found at Aldeburgh *Pisum maritimum* (Seaside Everlasting Pea), *Chelidonium Glaucium* (Yellow Horned Poppy), *Statice Armeria* (Common Thrift), and many trefoils, some very scarce kinds: but *one day* I met with a plant that is new—no author describes it." A specimen of this new plant was sent to the distinguished botanist, Sir Joseph Banks, who identified it as *Trifolium suffocatum*, *L.* In a letter accompanying the specimen Crabbe wrote: "The plant grows at Aldeburgh in Suffolk in a very dry soil, over which the sea passed in an unusually high tide, about twelve years since, and destroyed the vegetation for some time after." It is unfortunate that we do no know the date of the "one day" above italicised when the poet first found the new trefoil on the beach at Aldeburgh, but it is clear that he always regarded himself as its original discoverer in England. The specimen sent by Crabbe to Sir Joseph is still preserved in the Banks Herbarium in the British Museum at South Kensington.

Turning now more specially to Crabbe's poetical works, we notice that the main botanical allusions are to be found in those poems which have the most distinct associations with Aldeburgh, such as "The Village," "The Borough," and "The Lover's Journey." But mention must first be made of the marvellous skill with which in one of the "Tales of the Hall," he marshals the technical botanical terms. The "Preceptor Husband" is attempting to teach his bewildered lady the rudiments of the science—

> He showed the flowers, the staminæ, the style,
> Calix and corol, pericarp and fruit,
> And all the plant produces, branch and root;

> Of these he treated, every varying shape,
> Till poor Augusta panted to escape,
> He showed the various foliage plants produce,
> Lunate and lyrate, runcinate, retuse;
> Long were the learned words, and urged with force,
> Panduriform, pinnatified, premorse,
> Latent and patent, papulous and plane—
> "Oh!" said the pupil, "it will turn my brain."

"In "The Borough" we are introduced to his "friend the Weaver," with whom doubtless Crabbe had made many an expedition in the neighbourhood of Aldeburgh, in search of insects and rare plants, who "both his Flora and his Fauna knew," and whose special delight was in the study of entomology. To the "shady grove" he makes his way, "eager he looks," and soon his eyes are gladdened with the sight of "bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies":

> Above the sovereign oak a Sovereign skims,
> The Purple Emperor, strong in wing and limbs;
> There fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
> Adonis blue, and Paphia, silver-green.

Many are the allusions—some of considerable interest—to the flora in the neighbourhood of Aldeburgh, from "the rank weeds that every art and care defy" to the more "curious plants" of the district. The weeds of cultivation in "the fields of thin-set rye," the flora of the fens and marshes towards Orford, the wide barren heathlands which stretch beyond Leiston Common towards Dunwich, where

> The neat low gorse with golden bloom
> Delights each sense, is beauty, is perfume;
> And the gay ling, with all its purple flowers,
> A man at leisure might admire for hours—

all are noticed with precision and delight. Even the coarser plants, which found a home in waste places within the bounds of the borough, outside, for instance, the palings of cottage gardens,

> Where thrift and lavender, and lad's-love bloom,

come in for special and minute mention:

> There, fed by food they love, to rankest size,
> Around the dwellings docks and wormwood rise;
> Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
> Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit;
> On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
> And pencil'd flowers of sickly scent, is seen;
> At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,
> With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings;
> Above (the growth of many a year) is spread
> The yellow level of the stone-crop's bed;
> In every chink delights the fern to grow,
> With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below:
> These, with the sea-weeds rolling up and down,
> Form the contracted Flora of the town.

Some of these allusions are of distinct interest to a botanist. Last summer I visited Aldeburgh for the express purpose of comparing the flora of to-day with what it was when Crabbe described the borough. Most of his species still remained. Docks and wormwood and mallow and the yellow stonecrop abounded, and if by the "dull nightshade" the poet meant the black nightshade (*Solanum nigrum*) that too was abundant. The deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*) is a very rare plant in Suffolk; still Crabbe found it among the ruins of the grand old castle of Framlingham, but had it occurred at Aldeburgh he would doubtless have mentioned it in the notes he supplied for the "Botanical Guide." The henbane too is a scarce plant, and in former times was much sought after by those who "culled simples," for its supposed medicinal properties; and Crabbe doubtless often gathered it in the days when he was surgeon to the borough. To my great delight I came across several specimens of this sickly-looking plant, which, as an old herbalist rightly says, "has a very heavy, ill, soporiferous smell, somewhat offensive." It was growing on waste ground near the lighthouse, and also at Slaughden Quay. From his description of the "fiery" nettle with "fruit globose," there can be little doubt that our poet meant the Roman nettle (*Urtica pilulifera, L.*), at once distinguished from the common kinds by its globulous heads of female flowers, and

by the intense virulence of its sting. This is now a very rare plant, and is probably extinct in Suffolk; but it is interesting to know that the celebrated botanist John Ray found it at Aldeburgh, towards the end of the seventeenth century; and it was also noticed there in 1774, by a contemporary of our poet. Interesting too is the allusion to the little wall-ferns which "in every chink delight to grow." In another "Letter" of "The Borough," Crabbe refers to the "long-enduring ferns" which managed to maintain an existence on the gray walls of Aldeburgh church, and which showed "Flora's triumph o'er the falling tower." The delicate little wall-rue fern (*A. Ruta-muraria, L.*) may still be seen in its old position; it is also abundant on an ancient tomb, close to where Crabbe's father and mother lie buried; while all along the north side of the churchyard wall it is plentiful between the interstices of the stones.

The poor nature of the soil in the near neighbourhood of the sea comes in for frequent mention in the Poems. Crabbe refers again and again to the "lengths of burning sand":

> Where thistles stretch their prickly arms of war,

and

> Where the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil.

Nor are the Suffolk hedgerows forgotten, where grow

> —the crab, the bramble, and the sloe,
> The hyp, the cornel, and the beech, the food
> And the wild solace of the gipsy brood.

More interesting, botanically, is his description of the marsh-flora to be found in the neighbourhood of Slaughden Quay, where "Samphire-banks and salt-wort bound the flood"; and where

> The few dull flowers, that o'er the place are spread
> Partake the nature of their fenny bed;
> Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
> Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
> Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
> And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh.

With reference to the samphire, Crabbe adds a note that the

jointed glasswort (*Salicornia*) is meant, not the true Samphire, *Crithmum maritimum, L.* This latter plant, still as abundant on Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover as when *King Lear* was written, had not been recorded for Suffolk in Crabbe's time; but several large patches of it were flourishing on the muddy shore near the mouth of the River Orwell last summer. The glasswort is still called samphire in Suffolk, and is gathered for purposes of pickling. I noticed a large basket of it exhibited for sale as "samphire" on the stall of a fishmonger's shop in Westgate Street, Ipswich, not long since, and was told that it made a most excellent pickle. The salesman seemed very much surprised when I ventured to remark that his so-called samphire was only the jointed glasswort. There is also a note attached by the poet himself to his description of the fen-flora in "The Lover's Journey"; which as an illustration of his interest in botany is worth quoting:

> A fat-leaved, pale-flowering scurvy-grass [he writes] appears early in the year, and the razor-edged bull-rush in the summer and autumn. The fen itself has a dark and saline herbage; there are rushes and *arrow-head,* and in a few patches the flakes of the cotton-grass are seen, but more commonly the *sea-aster,* the dullest of that numerous and hardy genus; a *thrift,* blue in flower, but withering and remaining withered till the winter scatters it; the *saltwort,* both simple and shrubby; a few kinds of grass changed by their soil and atmosphere, and low plants of two or three denominations undistinguished in a general view of the scenery; such is the vegetation of the fen when it is at a small distance from the ocean. In this case [he adds] there arise from it effluvia strong and peculiar, half-saline, half-putrid, which would be considered by most people as offensive, and by some as dangerous; but there are others to whom singularity of taste or association of ideas has rendered it agreeable and pleasant.

In addition to those species mentioned by Crabbe as forming "the grave Flora" of the fen, all of which may still be found in the neighbourhood of Aldeburgh, several other rare and notable plants are associated with his name. On the "vast baich of stones," which runs for twelve miles or more from Aldeburgh to Hollesley Bay, one of the most remarkable ledges of shingle to be seen on the British shore, Crabbe

found near the Orford Lighthouse, that most scarce species, *Diotis maritima, Cass.*, or the Sea Cotton-weed. The plant, which is densely covered with a white cottony wool, is now doubtless extinct in Suffolk, perhaps in England; but in former years it appears to have been known in many localities along the English and Welsh shores, and is mentioned by Gerarde, Ray, and others of the early botanists. It is interesting to know that Crabbe met with it, and in so romantic a situation. Two other very scarce plants, now all but extinct in England, he found in the fen-ditches near Beccles, the Marsh Sow-thistle (*Sonchus palustris, L.*), and the Marsh Cineraria (*Senecio palustris, DC.*). The former of these, a tall stout species growing, says an old herbalist, "to a man's height or more," was at one time not uncommon in certain districts of East Anglia, but it has now almost entirely disappeared in consequence of the draining of the fens. The same cause is also responsible for the extreme rarity of the Marsh Cineraria. It may likewise be noted that our poet found the Mousetail (*Myosurus minimus, L.*), a "rare little plant, at Parham, in a wet meadow, under the trees"; and *Anchusa sempervirens, L.*, or the Evergreen Alkanet, "a rare plant in Suffolk, by the old road to Parham, after you pass the run of water, before the first houses on the right hand;" and the Sickle Medick (*Medicago falcata, L.*) both at Orford, and in the "old Church Yard at Dunwich." This entry is a most interesting one. The plant, which is named after the shape of its seed-pod, which exactly resembles a sickle, is a local and uncommon one, and confined to the Eastern Counties. At Orford I found it last summer in some quantity, doubtless on the very spot where Crabbe noticed it a century ago. In Dunwich churchyard it was found by the distinguished botanist, Adam Buddle, the friend of the illustrious John Ray, in the year 1698: it was there a hundred years later, when Crabbe visited the desolate spot; and it is there to-day beneath "the one hollow tower and hoary" of the ruined church, which, as Swinburne says:

Naked in the sea-wind stands and moans.

One other species in connection with the poet must, in conclusion, be mentioned. The most interesting plant in the Suffolk Flora, from its historical and legendary associations, is the Sea Pea (*Lathyrus maritimus, Big.*). The story goes, in the language of old Stowe the Chronicler, that in the great dearth which happened in the reign of Queen Mary, in the year 1555, the poor people on the shore of Suffolk did maintain themselves and their children with "pease" which "to a miracle sprang up in the autumn, among the bare stones, on the shore between the towns of Aldeburgh and Orford, no earth being intermixed, of their own accord, and bore fruit sufficient for hundreds of persons." There can be no doubt as to the truth of the main portion of the story, which was investigated at the time by persons of distinction. The only point open to dispute is with regard to the miraculous nature of the occurrence. That tbe sea-pease did in the year 1555, on the shelf of shingle between Orford and Aldeburgh, afford sustenance to a large number of persons may be readily admitted. But with respect to the miracle, it seems equally certain that the plant had flourished there unnoticed for a number of years. Still, abundant though it undoubtedly was in that disastrous year, when Dr. Rowland Taylor, the learned Rector of Hadleigh in Suffolk, suffered martyrdom at the stake, the species afterwards became rare. It is now regarded as among the choicest of British plants. It was therefore with no small feelings of delight that I found this plant, only last summer, still flourishing on the lonely shelf of shingle between Orford and Aldeburgh. More interesting still, a specimen of this plant, pressed and mounted by the poet himself, and with the label in his own exquisite handwriting duly attached to it, was exhibited among his relics, in the "Crabbe Celebration," held at Aldeburgh in the autumn of 1905.

JOHN VAUGHAN.

SPIRITUALISM

The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that once was Man,
But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other through a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the Veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the Day
Are heard across the Voices of the Dark.
"The Ring."—TENNYSON.

READERS of Tennyson who do not happen to know of his interest in what is called Spiritualism, will no doubt have been somewhat puzzled by the foregoing lines. Apart from the claims of Spiritualism, they appear to have no assignable meaning; but considered in the light of those claims, and assuming that the poet's own thought is being expressed, the lines are a perfectly clear confession of faith. Whatever his grounds of belief may have been, Tennyson certainly seems to have come to the conclusion that communication from departed souls does actually take place; and that a new religious era is dawning, of which the ampler day is being heralded by those voices which we thought to hear no more. We do not know how the poet arrived at this momentous conclusion, but we do know that he had special interviews with one of the most notable non-professional psychics of modern times—Mr. W. Stainton Moses—and it may be that he was "converted" by experiences which were never published. Or he may have had a "flash of insight" which was sufficient or the seer, but which does not, and ought not to, convince

any one else. On any theory, it is at least interesting to note the absolutely conflicting opinions on this subject, of the two great poets of the nineteenth century—Tennyson's as expressed in these lines, Browning's as expressed in "Sludge the Medium" and elsewhere. Which of the two will history show to have been the truer seer? In other words, Is the principal claim of Spiritualism based on fact, or is it delusion and folly?

Before proceeding to any discussion of the question, it is desirable to make preliminary observations on two points. First, I wish to state that I am not a Spiritualist, and that I am not concerned to argue either for Tennyson's Spiritualism or for the 'ism of any one else. I am a seeker of the truth, willing to follow the evidence wherever it may lead; I lay claim to no vast extent of learning, either "occult" or otherwise; and I possess no qualifications for expressing an opinion, except the knowledge which I have obtained as a result of some years of study, devoted exclusively to this subject. Secondly, I think that the term Spiritualism is an exceedingly unfortunate designation. Properly speaking, it ought to mean the opposite of Materialism—*i.e.*, it ought to mean a philosophy, or an attitude of mind, which is essentially spiritual. Thus all true Christians, and indeed almost all, if not all, religionists of whatever school, may be considered spiritualists. But the term has acquired another and quite special meaning, which ought to be expressed by a different word. It would be better if those who base their religion on belief in communication with disembodied spirits would call themselves *Spiritists*—in harmony with the "Spiritisme" of the French Kardecists. For the purposes of this article I shall use this more accurate term.

The claim of the Spiritists is that disembodied consciousnesses exist, and that they can and do in various ways influence us who are still in the body. This claim is based not on any subjective and incommunicable "moral certainty," such as the Kantian proof of the existence of God, nor

indeed on any *a priori* reasoning of whatever kind; it is a claim which, whether substantiated or not, does indubitably rest on alleged grounds which the methods of modern science are competent to examine. It bases itself on phenomena which are alleged to happen; some of them spontaneous, some evocable at will under certain conditions. The former cannot be studied experimentally, and it has consequently been said that alleged apparitions, hauntings, &c., cannot be amenable to scientific inquiry; but the doubtfulness of this statement is obvious when we remember that many sciences concern themselves with the observation of phenomena—*e.g.*, earthquakes—which are not under our experimental control. As to those spiritistic phenomena which are alleged to be evocable at will, it is, as Professor Sidgwick once said, nothing short of a scandal to science that she should continue to ignore allegations which have been made and which are being made by so many men of the highest moral, intellectual, and social standing. Whatever the significance of the phenomena, it does at least seem probable that if they occur as alleged they must be transcendently important; that they will necessitate changes in our scientific and religious conceptions, greater than have ever been necessitated before. Beside the effect of any general authentication of these phenomena, it may well be supposed that the effect produced by the new theories of Copernicus and Darwin will be small and superficial; for it would mean not merely a reconstruction of our ideas about the material environment, but also probably an admission of a new environment altogether. It would render plausible that hypothesis of a spiritual world which has hitherto been left to theology, and which nineteenth-century science thought it had exploded. It would place religion on a rational, scientific basis. Is there any likelihood—we may inquire with justifiable interest—that this cataclysmic general authentication will come about?

It may be cheerfully admitted, at once, that the phenomena of spiritism are to a great extent trivial seeming, and to some

extent absurd. To a mind saturated with orthodox science, they are not only trivial and absurd, but also impossible. Lord Kelvin lends the weight of his great name to a condemnation of "that wretched superstition of animal magnetism, and table-turning, and spiritualism, and mesmerism, and clairvoyance, and spirit-rapping, of which we have heard so much"; [1] and Professor Ray Lankester deals out similar censure, though in somewhat less dogmatic tone, to those "enthusiasts" (psychical researchers, I suppose) who "have been eagerly collecting ghost stories and records of human illusion and fancy." [2] When such excommunicatory decrees are fulminated from the high places of science, one can hardly blame the man in the street for thinking that the phenomena are due either to fraud or to some physical cause, or for refusing to waste his time in their investigation. "I strongly suspect it is the Devil; but if not, it must be electricity," is still the explanation given by multitudes who encounter any phenomena outside the daily range of their somewhat limited experience. Hence it is improbable that anything I can say will disturb so widely cherished and so simple a faith.[3] But when we find men like Professor Barrett, Sir William Crookes, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, and Sir Oliver Lodge placing themselves in array over against Lord Kelvin and Professor Ray Lankester, and saying that, whatever the explanation may be, some of these phenomena do happen under conditions which exclude the hypothesis of fraud—when we find this, I say, it is at least permissible to wonder *which side has done the most investigating*. If as regards scientific repute Lord Kelvin is voted unanimously to the Pontiff's chair of science, it will nevertheless be allowed with equal unanimity that the quartette aforesaid may be granted at least the Cardinal's hat; and it may even be suggested that a senile Pope may get rather out of date even in matters ecclesisatical. In mere authority, then, there is no

[1] "Popular Lectures and Addresses," vol. i. p. 265.

[2] "Presidential Address," British Association Meeting, 1906.

[3] Professor W. F. Barrett, in "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," vol. xiii.

great difference of weight; and it remains to ask, as we have said, *which side has done the most investigating.*

In the answer to this question, it must be admitted that the Cardinals aforesaid win all along the line. The youngest of the quartette—Sir Oliver Lodge—has been an active investigator and writer on the subject for at least sixteen years; Professor Barrett helped to found the Society for Psychical Research in 1882, and has done almost continuous work on these lines during at least twenty-five years; Sir William Crookes published his famous articles (afterwards reprinted in book form as "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism)" over thirty years ago, and may still be considered an interested student, if no longer a very active investigator; while the veteran Dr. Wallace has to his credit an investigation-period of something near half a century. On the other hand, Professor Ray Lankester seems to have remained content with the laurels won in his exploit with Slade—whom he prosecuted for fraud by the "slate-writing" dodge—while as to Lord Kelvin, I am not aware of any evidence to show that he ever investigated these things at all. It has been remarked, and with truth, that the most ignorant of men may be interesting and instructive, so long as he speaks from his own experience; but that the opinions of the wisest of men, on subjects which he has never studied, are certainly valueless. The aforesaid Cardinals of science—to whom I must apologise for investing them with metaphorical ecclesiastical millinery—are certainly not ignorant, nor is their experience short or scanty; and it would seem to follow—regrettable fall from grace though it may seem to be—that the verdict of science, so far as she knows anything about it, is definitely and distinctly in favour of the reality of certain alleged phenomena which have hitherto been contemptuously ignored by the majority of cultured men. The grounds on which this conclusion rests may be found chiefly in the twenty volumes of "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." The reader who comes fresh to the subject will probably be as much surprised by the qualitative strength of

the Society's membership-lists as by the evidential contents of these volumes.

Having indicated that the pioneer forces are at least strong enough to compel respectful attention, I may perhaps venture to advance from under the cover of the heavy artillery, and—as a somewhat dilettante and half-armed skirmisher—to do a little reconnoitring "on my own." Possibly all that I shall say might be endorsed by the eminent scientists mentioned, and two of them, at least, would say that I am cautious and perhaps ultra-conservative; but I do not imply in any way that I am quoting or summarising their opinions. In what follows I am giving my own views, based on my own experience and that of a few intimate friends who are also investigators.

First, as to the alleged phenomena; the question of explanation may be considered later.

On this point I may say without preamble, that I am reasonably sure of the actual occurrence of many phenomena which cannot at present be explained by reference to any known scientific laws or by any legitimate extension of such laws. These phenomena are as follows:

a. Spontaneous phenomena.

1. Apparitions. These may be appearances of living or dead people. A curious feature is that in very many of these cases the person whose apparition is seen, is—unknown to the percipient—undergoing some stressful experience such as dying.[1]
2. Supernormal sounds. These are fairly common, and frequently coincide with a death. The common stories of "death raps" are probably not entirely fictional. I know of two cases which occurred in the experience of two friends of mine, and which are inexplicable on normal lines.

b. Induced phenomena.

1. So-called "Trance-messages." A person may visit a "medium," who, in a state of trance, will sometimes

[1] See Report on Census of Hallucinations, "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," vol. x.

show astonishing familiarity with the most intimate details of the sitter's family life. In a recent case in which the sitter was a friend of mine, his deceased mother purported to "control" and speak through the medium, sending her love to surviving relatives, and mentioning them correctly by name, with the appropriate emotional accompaniments. Questions were answered correctly and without hesitation, and much evidence was given which could not have been obtained by fraud. The sitting took place in London: my friend lives two hundred miles away; had never heard the medium's name until two days before the sitting, and so far as he is aware his existence was unknown to the medium until the same date; was a materialist and disbeliever in survival of death, but is now not quite so sure. It cannot be *proved* that the medium knew nothing about him—it is difficult to prove a negative —but part of the evidence concerned matter which was known to no living person but himself, and to only one dead person—viz., his mother. Perhaps thought-transference from his mind to the medium's will account for it without any assumption of "spirits"; but the experience certainly does not seem explicable on any less far-reaching supposition.

2. Automatic writing, not in trance. Many people have this peculiar faculty. Taking a pencil in the hand, or resting the hands on a planchette—with or without a coadjutor—and making the mind passive and quiet, messages will sometimes be written which do not emanate from any conscious stratum of the mind. These more or less incoherent, and sometimes absurd or meaningless sentences, do generally emanate solely, in my opinion, from the mind of the automatist. They come from the subliminal strata where *dreams* are manufactured; and they are equally unconnected with the normal waking consciousness. I admit that these messages sometimes contain matter which seems

to point to a discarnate consciousness, but I think this is rare, and the evidence is never conclusive.

3. "Physical phenomena." I believe—absurd though it sounds—that objects sometimes move without impulse being applied by any known means. I believe also that what Sir William Crookes calls "percussive sounds" may be produced in a genuinely supernormal manner. Some kind of force seems to be externalised from the body of the medium, and applied to objects at a distance of a few feet or yards. Some one has said that if atheism is true, it differs from other truths by its uselessness; and the same may be said of the skipping about of untouched chairs and tables, and of the weird phenomenon of raps. Bnt science ought to examine all facts, and a use will probably be found for them. It has been asked, "Of what use is a new-born child?" The argument from uselessness is clearly useless. The objection which I for my part am disposed to urge against physical phenomena is that, in this department more than any other, it is difficult to exclude altogether the possibility of fraud. The recent exposure of three fraudulent "materialisation-mediums" in quick succession, casts a very lurid light on other physical phenomena as well as on alleged materialisation; and though these things may perhaps be genuine sometimes—it is dangerous to dogmatise, either negatively or positively—the fact remains that very little good evidence exists besides that of Sir William Crookes, and that there certainly has been a great deal of vulgar and bare-faced fraud by bogus mediums. Perhaps the uncritical spiritist is as much to blame as the "medium"; for his boundless credulity must be a sore temptation to a clever scamp. Of course, I do not mean to imply that *all* spiritists are credulous and uncritical; but only that these defects are regrettably common (characteristic even) among the devotees.

So much for the phenomena: now for the explanation. The reader is justified in asking me for my theory as to these happenings, which I am credulous enough to believe. I am sorry to disappoint, but I regret to say that I can find no theory which seems even approximately satisfactory. Every theory that has so far been brought forward, if it is brought forward as an explanation of all the facts, seems to be confronted with insuperable objections. Thought-transference, suggestion, and an externalisation of force by unknown means, may "explain" some things; though it must be admitted that we know little about thought-transference, &c., and that our explanation is itself badly in need of being explained. But some phenomena, such as precognition, cannot be explained even by invoking thought-transference and giving it plenary powers. The hypothesis of disembodied consciousness explains more facts than any other one theory—though it does not explain precognition—but in many cases it is unacceptable; and in the crude presentation furnished *in concreto* at the average spiritualistic seance it is sometimes vulgar and silly to the last degree. Huxley said that "if Spiritualism is true, it furnishes an additional argument against suicide"; for the company on the other side seem to be a very low lot. Mr. Andrew Lang admits that his bias is "a desire not to believe that the dead are in any way mixed up with sittings at so many dollars," and I sympathise with his bias and his desire. However, I suppose our desires will not alter the facts, and there may be further disillusionments in store, as there were for the pre-Copernicans and the pre-Darwinians just before those dignity-damaging discoverers sprang their new ideas on a surprised and indignant world. But as for me, I will cling to my delusions until they are reft from me; and in the excellent company of Mr. Lang I will at least be happy while I may, with fairy-books, anthropology, and what Mr. Podmore calls—with some contempt—psychical bric-a-brac. If when I leave this vile body I am to be at the beck and call of any low-class medium who desires to summon me from the vasty deep or elsewhere, I will at least try to

forget the fate in store as long as I may. One world at a time. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

But, to speak seriously, I do not think that we need fear such a consummation. There is no scientific certainty about the conditions of life "behind the veil"; and where there is doubt, we may follow Tennyson's advice and "cleave ever to the sunnier side." Where there is no certainty, we may justifiably allow our hopes to mould our beliefs. But even apart from such considerations, there is, I think, good scientific reason for optimism. The best evidence hitherto collected goes to prove—if we assume for the moment the authenticity of these messages—that after the body's death the soul enters on a further stage in its upward way towards a goal unthinkably remote; that evolution continues in action on the dark gulf's farther side; that though strife and stress continue in the spiritual realms, such strife is the necessary condition of attaining the aim which whilst here we cannot even dimly conjecture; and that the inconceivable Sum of Things is veritably under the guidance of Supreme Love and Power, though functioning often in ways inscrutable to our flesh-swathed minds. Therefore, whether or not Tennyson saw truth in detail, we can at least believe in general with the pronouncement of a poet not far inferior to Tennyson, that the Power behind is working for good, and that His laws endure.

> That fixed decree at silent work which wills
> Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
> To fulness void, to form the yet unformed,
> Good unto better, better unto best,
> By wordless edict; having none to bid,
> None to forbid; for this is past all gods
> Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,
> A Power which builds, unbuilds and builds again,
> Ruling all things according to the rule
> Of virtue, which is beauty, truth and use,
> So that all things do well which serve the Power,
> And ill which hinder.—"Light of Asia" (ARNOLD).

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE SCOWRERS AND THE MOHOCKS

THE streets of London are not without their dangers and discomforts, but these are mostly the inevitable results of an advancing civilisation. Some two centuries ago, however, they had a different tale to tell, and the perils which then beset them were those of a civilisation which was hardly abreast of the greatness which England had achieved in other directions. In the midst of our well-lighted, well-paved, and admirably policed London, it is difficult to realise how widely it differs from the London of the early eighteenth century. In 1708 the most westerly street in London was Bolton Street, Piccadilly. Even in 1759, Horace Walpole speaks of the surprise with which he saw twenty new stone houses in Piccadilly in the place of the mean habitations which previously stood there. So slow was the westward movement that as late as 1805 there was a turnpike at Hyde Park Corner. The fields came close to Oxford Street (then Tyburn Road) and Holborn on the north; and even to the south of this line open spaces like Lincoln's Inn Fields were lonely and unsafe at night. An excellent description of the London streets is given by Gay in his *Trivia*, published in 1716. Their dirtiness is evidenced by the crowds of shoe-blacks:

> The black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
> And "clean your shoes" resounds from ev'ry voice.

According to Mr. Davey, in his "Pageant of London," a

gentleman of this period would usually have his shoes cleaned three or four times a day. Sweepers, too, abounded:

> waggish boys the stunted besom ply
> To rid the slabby pavement;

and "the laborious beggar sweeps the road." In addition, moreover, to their native dirt, the streets were made the receptacle for all kinds of external filth, and the whole was churned up by the heavy traffic into an indescribable mire. Contamination also was to be feared, not only from the streets, but from their passengers.

> Oft in the mingling press,
> The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
> Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
> Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh:
> Ye walkers, too, that youthful colours wear,
> Three sullying trades avoid with equal care;
> The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
> And marks with sooty stain the heedless throng!
>
> . . . .
>
> The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
> With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
> To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray.

Under these circumstances it is easy to understand the competition for "the wall," so often referred to in the literature of the age, and which kept the passenger traffic in a perpetual state of subacute conflict. Sometimes this conflict became more than subacute, and it was often a matter of rather delicate discretion "when to assert the wall and when resign." Chairmen and bullies were the most frequent violators of vested interests in this respect, and Gay recommends a strong cane as the best argument for each of them. In short, neither the streets nor the traffic which surged through them were under any effective control, and consequently there were large opportunities for various kinds of street raiders.

In Jacobean times the streets were infested by the "Muns," the "Tityre Tu's," and the "Hectors." The Hectors seem to have differed little from ordinary bullies (see *Epsom Wells*,

by Shadwell), and of the other two not much is known beyond the names. In the case of the Tityre Tu's, however, the name seems to indicate a society which had a smattering at least of classical knowledge. Thomas Shadwell puts a reference to all three into the mouth of Tope, the senile debauchee:

I knew the Hectors [he says], and before them the Muns and the Tityre Tu's; they were brave fellows indeed. In those days a man could not go from the Rose Tavern to the Piazza once, but he must venture his life twice, my dear Sir Willy.

The Rose, which figures in the *Rake's Progress*, was a tavern in Covent Garden, much frequented, but not of particularly good repute. In the latter part of the seventeenth century the "Scowrers" appeared, and of these we can get quite a good idea from Shadwell's play of that name, published in 1691. The play opens on the morning after an active night's work. The leaders of the band are Sir William Rant and Wildfire, who are young bloods, and Tope who is an old, boastful and garrulous profligate. Besides these there are some subordinates, who form the rank and file of the scowering army. Sir William's recollections of the previous night are half drowned in wine, so he applies to his valet, Ralph, to refresh them: "Some action in the fore part of the night I remember, but the latter part is all darkness to me: yet it runs in my head we had fray. . . . where was it?" Whereupon Ralph tells him, in a tone of reproach, "Why, here in Covent Garden. You would needs have a skirmish with some drunken bullies, awkward, roaring, blustering rascals: and Brigadier Stokes, with a detachment of quarter-staves and rusty halberts, fell in pell-mell and routed both parties."

Sir William inquires anxiously, "What execution was there? Whose scull crack't? Whose lungs pierced? Or who lustily bruised?"

RALPH: One of the Bullies has a good lusty flesh wound, the others are a little hack't: but all of them were carryed captive to the Round House, where they have solac'd with ale and brandy all night long. Two of your

footmen with bloody coxcombs were likewise in Limbo: two or three of the watchmen have slight hurts, which they are ready to swear are mortal; but your friends, Mr. Tope and Mr. Wildfire, are escap'd unhurt, save a little dry beating, which indeed we seldom fail of.

SIR WILLAM: An evening very handsomely spent! I am glad the Bullies are maul'd. I would rejoice as much to run an English Bully through, as an Irish Rapparee. The city ought to pay a certain number of Bullies' heads for a tribute to the Government, as the Welsh did wolves; but see my footmen ransom'd.

The Rapparees were bands of marauders which had sprung up in Ireland about 1690, but the cause of Sir William's special quarrel with them is not very obvious. With regard to the Bullies, this odious class seems to have been largely represented about that time. Gay hits off the Bully in some neat lines in *Trivia*:

> But when the bully, with assuming pace,
> Cocks his broad hat, edged round with tarnish'd lace,
> Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
> And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
> He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
> But mutters coward curses as he goes.

The Bully is a rogue, a braggart, and a swindler, haunting the outskirts of society, or ruffling it in the disreputable security of Alsatia. He carries false dice about with him for the benefit of any unwary victim whom he can persuade to gamble, and is always ready to lure young men to their ruin. Between times he turns his hand to black-mailing, or lives on the vices of some unfaithful wife. He is fully depicted in the character of Nickum, in *The Volunteers*, where he is described as "a sharper";—Shadwell, who always prides himself on being up-to-date in his phraseology, being careful to explain that this "is a new name for a rogue and a cheat." (*The Volunteers* was published after his death, which took place in 1692.) It also seems, from the same authority, that the title "Miss" made its first appearance about the same time. Aping the manhood which they did not possess, the Bullies were as much despised by the lusty Scowrers as they were dreaded by the

weak and timorous. Even old Tope exclaims, "I will not wear, like a Bully, my arm in a scarf as a sign of battel past, when perhaps the wound is no bigger than that of a lancet in letting blood."

The favourite practice of the Scowrers was to invade some tavern in the evening, drive out the customers, ill-treat the proprietor and his attendants, wreck the premises, and above all "roar." For noise was an essential part of the Scowrer's procedure: the Motor-bus would have been music to them. When they invade Sir Humphrey Maggot's house, Sir William explains, "Oh, honest Alderman, nown nuncle, i' faith we are come to roar a little with thee":—and they did. The Scowrers proper were more or less persons of quality, but they had humble imitators in less fashionable circles. These figure also in Shadwell's play, and his description of them is quaint.

> WHACHUM, a City-wit and Scowrer, imitator of Sir William.
> BLUSTER } his two companions; Scoundrels.
> DINGBOY }

Sir Willam and his band are inclined to resent the pretensions of these aspirants. "These Mushrooms Scowrers," he exclaims, "had best see they do it handsomely, and bring no disgrace upon us, or we may chance to whip some of 'em thro' the lungs about that business." For your Scowrer was an artist in his way, and took a pride in his profession. "'Tis a hard thing," remarks Wildfire reflectively, "to scower naturally and handsomely." But Whachum is enraptured with Sir William's performances, and pays many tributes to the purity of his style.

> Oh had you seen him scower, as I did, oh so delicately, so like a gentleman! How he cleared the Rose Tavern! . . . He and two other fine gentlemen came roaring in the handsomeliest, and the most genteely turn'd us all out of the room, and swing'd us, and kick'd us about, I vow to Gad, 'twould have done your heart good to have seen it.

Even his profanity has an air of its own.

> Oh, if you did but hear him swear and curse, you'd be in love with him! He

does 'em so like a gentleman, while a company of ye here about the town pop out your oaths like pellets out of alder guns. They come so easily, so sweetly from him, even like music from an organ pipe!

To some extent, of course, this account is a burlesque, but it is not merely fabulous. For Shadwell's work was, in modern phrase, remarkably "topical," and his plays are all interwoven with the quips, cranks, and oddities current in his day. We may be pretty sure, therefore, that this description of the Scowrers and their imitators has a real foundation in fact. Throughout the play the city Scowrers and their exploits are held up to ridicule. Like the Bullies, they are only valiant when there is no real danger. Whachum, after boasting that he has twisted off over two hundred knockers, proceeds

O' my conscience, this morning I beat twenty higling-women, spread their butter about the kennel, broke all their eggs, let their sucking pigs loose, flung down all the Peds with pippins about the streets, scower'd like lightning, and kick'd fellows like thunder: ha, ha, ha. . . . I wiped out all the milk scores at the doors, nay, I went about serenading with six fiddlers in a dung-cart. Ha, ha; there was a frolic! Ha, ha; there's a mad fellow for you!

But the distinction drawn here is not merely between two sets of rowdies. It points in reality to a much deeper line of social cleavage; the line between fashion and commerce, or, as it may be expressed, between the West End and the City. In feudal times the younger sons of great families habitually went into trade without losing caste; and this custom continued down to the Stuart times. But soon afterwards a change set in, and in the course of the eighteenth century a severance—which at times almost amounted to an antagonism—was established between the aristocracy and the mercantile classes. The little brush between Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, in No. 174 of the *Spectator*—between the country gentleman and the City merchant—gives expression to this feeling, though here Sir Andrew has decidedly the best of the argument. The process was evidently at work in Shadwell's time. All through *The Scowrers* the City is girded

at. The pompous Sir Humphrey—"a foolish Jacobite Alderman"—assures Sir William that "Duns may be very honest men." Sir William retorts, "So you citizens are apt tc think, but we gentlemen believe no such matter." Lady Maggot complains that she can "never teach a citizen manners." The wild Eugenia declares that "there is not such an odious creature as a city-spark;" and even the gentler Clara exclaims against Whachum as "a filthy city-wit."

The charge of being a "wit" may seem a strange reproach, but the term in those days had undergone a curious perversion of meaning. It had been appropriated as a sort of honorary title by men about town, with the idea, perhaps, of shedding a mild intellectnal lustre over their dissipations. In most cases it was singularly ill deserved, but society, then as now, was disposed to take people at their own valuation in such matters. And thus, as lawyers are by courtesy "learned," and M.P.s "honourable," so the man of fashion of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries became, without much difficulty, a "man of fashion and wit." In this combination the fashion was a reality, the wit was a sham. Naturally enough the former smothered the latter, and a man of wit came to mean little more than a man of the fashionable profligate habits. The literature of the period is full of this curious usage of "wit;" and Mr. Rant's rebuke to his repentant son on the company which he had been keeping, shows how little it connoted any intellectual worth.

> You'll say they're men of wit; but have a care
> Of a great Wit, who has no understanding.

Even in their politics the Scowrers proper are represented as worthier than the civic variety of the species. The latter are Tories, while the former are true Whigs and supporters of the Government, a fact which seems to Whachum to be the only blot on their fame.

> WHACHUM: They are the bravest blades, and purest wits in Christendom.
>
> DINGBOY: But hark you, Squire, by their discourse, even now, they seem to be Whigs.

BLUSTER: Damn'd Whigs, methinks!

WHACHUM: I am afraid they are a little Whiggish; really, 'tis a thousand pities, they have kept ill company.

Shadwell was made Laureate by William III., in the place of Dryden, who lost the post at the Revolution; and hence this rather clumsy compliment to his political patrons.

Various petty disturbers of the public peace emulated the Scowrers at a respectful distance. Among these the best known were the Nickers, whose nightly amusement was breaking windows with coppers.

> His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker flings,
> And with the copper shower the casement rings.[1]

It is difficult to imagine a milder piece of silly mischief; and as a financial transaction it was hopelessly unsound. For, as the Nicker took to his heels as soon as he had invested his coppers, he got no return whatever on his outlay.

The Scowrers no doubt were reckless and quarrelsome rioters, who paid little heed to the sanctity of person or property, but they did not generally display the deliberate malignity which characterised their successors, the Mohocks or Hawkubites. Our chief information about the Mohocks comes from a paper in No. 324 of the *Spectator* (March 10, 1712), which was written, or at any rate transcribed by Steele, and which certainly shows traces of embroidery. From it we learn that they were "a nocturnal fraternity," whose name, the Mohock club, was borrowed "from a sort of cannibals in India." They had a president called the Emperor of the Mohocks, whose arms were a Turkish crescent which his imperial Majesty bore "in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead." After inflaming themselves with drink,

> they make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrole. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup d'éclat*. The particular

[1] *Trivia.*

talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them, which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with the fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers by running their swords through their legs—a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers,

who practised certain outrages upon women. Besides these there were the Sweaters, whose functions are thus described by Steele in No. 332 of the *Spectator*.

It is their custom [he says], as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle, towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient wherein schoolboys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point; every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig is gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged.

Another Mohock pastime was to enclose women in casks and roll them down the street. Steele declares that the Mohocks had been "but of late established," and that the *Spectator* hoped, by calling attention to them, to procure their speedy suppression. Here, however, he is not quite correct in his dates, for the Mohocks appeared first in 1709, though not in such force as in 1712. Lady Stafford observes in a letter of March 11, 1712:

Here is nothing talked about but men that goes in partys about the street and cuts people with swords or knives, and they call themselves by som hard name that I can nethere speak nor spell; but a Satturday night coming from the opera they assaulted Mr. Davenant and drew their swords upon him, but he took won of them and sent to the round house, but 'tis thought 'twas somebody that would have been known and they gave mony and made their eskape, but what was the great jest about town was they said they had cut off his head of hare.

As will be seen later, the Davenant story was a good deal exaggerated; but in a subsequent letter of March 14, 1712, Lady Stafford writes: "The town says Lord Hinchingbrock is among those that goes about doing mischiefe."[1]

Gay's play, *The Mohocks* (published April 15, 1712), carries us no further, for it is manifestly based on the *Spectator*. It is a farcical production, dramatic in form only, which never was, and perhaps was never intented to be acted. Modern writers have been inclined to treat the Mohocks as fabulous beings, and in a later number of the *Spectator* (No. 347, April 8, 1712) Budgell, who contributes a mock manifesto from their Emperor, half suggests that they had hardly more reality than the hobgoblins which haunt the imagination of the rustic. It is true that the evidence does not seem to cover much ground, and it is also likely enough that rumour magnified their atrocities. Similarly, during the garotter scare in the "sixties," the wildest stories of the garotter's cunning and ferocity were afloat. But of the existence of the Mohocks there can be no reasonable doubt whatever. Gay, who was inclined to make fun of them, and wrote a skit which he called "An Argument proving from History, Reason and Scripture that the present race of Mohocks and Hawkabites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelation," expressly asserts their existence in *Trivia*.

> Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
> Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
> Was there a Watchman took his hourly rounds,
> Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds!
> I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done,
> Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
> How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead womb,
> Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
> O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
> So Regulus to save his country died.

Again in a letter of March 14, 1712, Lady Wentworth writes to her son Lord Stafford:

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[1] "Wentworth Papers."

I am very much frighted with the fyer, but much more with a gang of Devils that call themselv's Mohocks. They put an old woman into a Hogshead, and rooled her down a hill. They cut off som's nosis, others hands and several barbarass tricks, without any provocation. They are said to be young gentlemen. They never take any money from any. Instead of setting fifty pd. upon the head of a Highwayman, sure they would doe much better to sett a hundred upon their heads.[1]

The same idea seems to have occurred to the authorities; for, so serious had the Mohock outrages become, that on March 17, 1712, a Royal Proclamation was issued offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any Mohock. Swift was in mortal terror of them. He writes to Stella on March 9, 1712:

Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit peoples noses, etc. . . . Young Davenant was telling us at Court how he was set upon by the Mohocks, and how they run his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The Bishop of Salisbury's son [Thomas Burnet] is said to be of the gang.

And here politics come in once more. Shadwell represented the baser sort of Scowrers as Tories. But times are changed: the Tories are now in power, and the reproach of being Whigs is made by Swift to be the crowning misdeed of the Mohocks.

They are all Whigs [he writes], and a great lady sent to me, to speak to her father and to lord-treasurer [Harley] to have a care of them, and to be careful also of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the Ministers and their friends. I know not whether there be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion.

Davenant's assailant turned out to have been only an ordinary drunkard, and Swift begins to hope that there may be little or no truth in the current reports. But his new confidence is short-lived, for he is told in some coffee-house that the gang has special designs upon him; and accordingly, after dinner with the lord-treasurer, he comes "home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks." A few days later he receives another fright, and abandons his chair because Harley tells him that

[1] "Wentworth Papers."

"the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot." Lord Winchilsea also tells him "that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchilsea's at the door of their house in the Park with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation." Then once more he seeks the security of a chair. "Our Mohocks go on still and cut people's faces every night, but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them." One cannot help contrasting this rather craven anxiety with the sturdiness of Johnson a generation later, who kept four men who had attacked him in the street at bay till the watch came up, and who, when threatened with a thrashing by Macpherson (the inventor of "Ossian"), replied, "Your rage I defy," and simply provided himself with a thick stick. Swift tells Stella all about the Royal Proclamation, adding that some Mohocks had been taken, one of whom was a baronet. This story seems to be corroborated by one of the papers of the day, which records that on June 6, 1712, Sir Mark Cole and three other gentlemen were tried at the Old Bailey for riot, assault, and beating the watch. The account goes on to state that they were Mohocks, that they had attacked the watch in Devereux Street, slit two persons' noses, cut a woman in the arm so as to disable her for life, rolled a woman in a tub down Snow Hill, misused other women in a barbarous manner, and overset several coaches and chairs with short clubs loaded with lead at each end. The defence was very curious. The prisoners denied that they were Mohocks, and alleged that they were "Scowrers," who had gone out with a magistrate's warrant to scour the streets, arrest Mohocks and other offenders, and deliver them to justice. This plea did not prevail, and they were convicted; but the fact that it was put forward suggests an interesting possibility in the history of the Scowrers. It seems to indicate that they may originally have been a sort of vigilance committee for preserving

order in the streets, and that the authorities occasionally availed themselves of their assistance for this purpose. In this case the original aim of the association must have been gradually perverted. *Optimi corruptio pessima*, and the sheep dogs must have taken to worry the flock.

It is perhaps worth noting that the Scowrers, even after the fall (if fall there was), were fond of posing in mock heroic form as the champions of respectability, proclaiming it their business to take care that citizens went home betimes, instead of wasting their substance at taverns.

> TOPE: My dear Knight, my dear Will. Rant, thou art the Prince of Drunkards and Scowrers; thou art a noble scavenger, and every night thou clearest the streets of scoundrel Bullies, and of idle Rascals, and of all Ale-toasts and Sops in Brandy.
>
> WILDFIRE: And the taverns of tradesmen and of sober rogues of business, who should be at their cheating calling, or watchings their wives at home.[1]

The same strain reappears in the *Spectator's* manifesto of the Mohock Emperor. But in truth, none of the guardians of the night in those days seem to have been beyond reproach. We learn from Mr. Davey ("The Pageant of London") that the watchmen, linkmen and lamplighters were all more or less in league with the footpads. Gay tells the same story:

> Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
> Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
> In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
> And share the booty with the pilfering band.[2]

It is hard to understand how the brutal and senseless rowdyism of the Mohocks can ever have been regarded as a serious political movement, but suspicions to this effect did, as we have seen, actually arise. It was a period, be it remembered, which was seething with intrigue. The Queen, at once stupid and obstinate, was surrounded by clever and unscrupulous statesmen in her council chamber, and subjected to feminine influence, which was equally unscrupulous, in her closet. A Stuart

[1] *The Scowrers.* [2] *Trivia.*

restoration was so eminently possible that politicians were strongly tempted to make themselves safe with both sides. Political life thus became enveloped in an atmosphere of suspicion, under which even ordinary occurrences were apt to be distorted into plots. Swift's fears for his own personal safety were, as usual, very pronounced; but this feeling is well illustrated by an incident which he relates. He tells Stella that "a poor fellow" named Burr had called on him with a present of oranges. But Swift would not see him. "Perhaps it might be only some beggar who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it."

The Tories, whose own hands were none too clean, accused the Whigs of all sorts of treasonable schemes against the Queen and her Government. For instance, when certain screw bolts were found to be missing from some of the timbers of St. Paul's, this was at once construed into a Whig plot for the destruction of the Queen and Ministers during service on Thanksgiving Day. Perhaps the strangest of all was the supposed Pistol-plot against Harley. According to Swift, a band-box was sent to Harley containing three loaded pistols, so arranged as to explode when the string with which the parcel was fastened was removed. Swift, suspecting something, cut the string carefully, and contrived to open the parcel without discharging the pistols. The incident at first caused considerable excitement; but very soon persistent rumours arose to the effect that the whole thing was a hoax, and that the so-called pistols were nothing more deadly than some of the iron cases then in common use for holding ink and pens. The Whigs went so far as to declare that it was a trick entirely devised by Swift himself; but whether this be true or not, the whole story is very curious. In like manner the ravages of the Mohocks were also ascribed to the political designs of the Whigs, and this charge is dealt with in a satirical ballad called "Plot upon Plot":

You wicked Whigs! What can you mean?
When will your plotting cease
Against our most renowned Queen,
Her Ministry and peace?

. . . .

You sent your Mohocks next abroad,
With razors arm'd, and knives;
Who on night-walkers make inroad,
And scared our maids and wives:
They scour'd the Watch, and windows broke,
But 'twas their true intent,
(As our wise Ministry did smoke,)
T' o'erturn the Government.

The Whigs ridiculed the accusation, pointing out that most of those apprehended as Mohocks proved to be only common thieves or footpads, and declared that the tales of these atrocities had been deliberately exaggerated by the Tories, in order to discredit their political opponents. Later critics seem rather to incline to this view, which certainly derives some support from the fact the Mohocks, always elusive figures, seem to have faded into the background soon after the Proclamation in 1712. The inference drawn is that they never existed at all in any large numbers; but this is not necessarily correct. They might afford to indulge in their riotous pastimes so long as they had to fear no stouter opponents than the Watch. But the offer of a large reward for the apprehension of each Mohock would bring a great many more enemies into the field, and they may have prudently concluded that under these circumstances the game was not worth the candle.

Swift, at any rate, was fully convinced, not only of their existence, but of the political aim of their proceedings; and he deliberately formulates a shocking charge against Prince Eugene of Savoy in connection with them. Prince Eugene, who arrived in London on January 5, 1712, charged with a mission from the Emperor to regain the adherence of England to the coalition against France, was not a particularly welcome visitor to the Ministry, who were endeavouring to bring the War of the Spanish Succession to an end. He seems to have

made no secret of his Whig sympathies, but there are no sufficient reasons for supposing him to be guilty of the designs against Harley's life imputed to him by Swift. After declaring that the Prince had a natural tincture of Italian cruelty, and would "at any time sacrifice a thousand men's lives to a caprice of glory or revenge," Swift proceeds:

> He had conceived an incurable hatred for the treasurer, as the person who principally opposed this insatiable passion for war; said "He had hopes of others; but that the treasurer was *un mechant diable,* not to be moved." Therefore, since it was impossible for him or his friends to compass their designs, while that minister continued at the head of affairs, he proposed an expedient often practised by those of his own country. "That the treasurer [to use his own expression] should be taken off *à la negligence;* that this might easily be done, and pass for an effect of chance, if it were preceded by encouraging some proper people to commit small riots in the night." And in several parts of the town, a crew of obscure ruffians were accordingly employed about that time, who probably exceeded their commission; and mixing themselves with those disorderly people, that often infest the streets at midnight, acted inhuman outrages on many persons, whom they cut and mangled in the face and arms, and other parts of the body, without any provocation.[1]

Swift admits the gravity of this accusation, but declares that it was established, not only by the testimony of persons present on the occasion, but also by intercepted letters and papers. No details of this testimony, however, are produced, and the charge is altogether inconsistent with everything that is known of Prince Eugene's character.

It is clear from the nature of the outrages described that the Mohocks are referred to in the above passage. It is not accurate, however, to speak of them as obscure ruffians, for, whatever their imitators may have been, the original Mohocks came from the classes not the masses.

Atrocious as their conduct was, it was free from the baser criminal motives. They had no personal profit in view, and "mohocked" simply, so to speak, for the fun of the thing. This was the distinctive feature of Scowrers and Mohocks alike, and it differentiates them from common thieves and

[1] "History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne."

plunderers. Their animating spirit is strangely persistent in human nature, and they have had precursors in many ages. We may see them in the "Ribauds" of France under Philip II. in 1180, who, curiously enough, acquired a sort of recognised position, under the supervision of an officer of the royal household called "Le Roi des Ribauds." This monarch, who had some quaint duties and still quainter privileges, used to exercise freely on the Ribauds the royal prerogative of taxation. The Ribauds might have their fun, but they must pay for it in the shape of fines, which their king was authorised to impose. And as the fines helped to swell the State revenue, it is possible that the State authorities did not take too morose a view of the Ribaud excesses. In the first half of the seventeenth-century Paris had her Rougets and Grisons, young aristocrats who played the Mohock in distinctive costumes of red and grey respectively ; and England perhaps can boast of a Royal Mohock in Harry the Madcap prince. The Mohocks have also had successors. Soon after the accession of George IV. to the throne in 1820 there was a recrudescence, though in a milder form, of Mohock rowdyism ; and attacks on the watch—"boxing the Charlies" as the phrase went—once more became fashionable among the wilder spirits of London. These revelries, howerer, were rudely disturbed by the establishment, in 1829, by Sir Robert Peel of an efficient body of police, whose successors are still endeared to us under the pet name of "peelers." These proved much more capable of dealing with disorder than the incompetent watchmen whom they replaced. At the end of the eighteenth century there were 803 watchmen in the City of London, "generally aged, often infirm, and the honest among them very frequently half-starved." Their wages varied from 8½d. to 1s. 6d. a night. In the other metropolitan districts, including Westminster, Southwark, and part of Kensington, there were 1241 watchmen, very similar in age and physical condition, but, in the wealthier districts, rather better paid.[1]

[1] "On the Police of the Metropolis."—Colquhoun.

Yet again, in early Victorian days there was another Mohock outburst under the auspices of the Marquis of Waterford; and once more knockers and bell handles were wrenched off, public monuments injured, lights extinguished, and crockery smashed. From the "Annual Register" of 1837 we learn that Lord Waterford, having arrived at Bergen, began to play in the streets "the pranks by which he has acquired a very equivocal reputation in the United Kingdom." This form of humour, however, was quite wasted upon the local authorities, the Marquis being promptly knocked down by a watchman, and taken up half dead. The same authority tells us that, in the following year, he and some other men of fashion were convicted at Derby Assizes of trying to overturn a caravan, screwing up a toll-bar keeper, and painting houses and people red. For these recreations they were fined £100 a-piece.

So far as decent society is concerned, this seems to have been the last flicker of expiring savagery, in one of its lowest and most senseless forms, and the possibility of any rekindling of it is exceedingly remote. Nowadays we should be disgusted no doubt, at its impropriety, but we should be still more bored by its stupidity. The last tattered remnants of the Mohock mantle have fallen upon the hooligans of the proletariat, and there it may be safely predicted, they will remain, unless red ruin and the breaking of the laws should hurl back our civilisation to the outworn days before Queen Anne was dead.

NORMAN PEARSON.

THE BRITISH VERSUS THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURISTS

PERHAPS there has never been a period in the world's history when rivalry amongst nations was so keen as it is at the present time. Each country is striving its hardest to outstrip its competitors in the great struggle for supremacy, and, as is fitting in this twentieth century, the engagements circle round commercial enterpise rather than the stress of the battlefield. Great as have been the discoveries and inventions, the leaders in craft and science find that more is expected of them than ever before; and where so much is excellent it is only the superlatively good that will stand the test of time. The skilful adventurer may captivate public opinion for a season, but unless his fair promises can be supported by something of genuine worth, his successes cannot fail to be short lived. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that if a certain statement can only be repeated often enough, there will always be found a following of people ready to believe what is announced. To take an advantage of this weak side to human nature is deplorable in the extreme, and it is to be feared that there are few civilised communities in which this special form of deception does not flourish to a greater or less degree. But it is in the United States of America, more than in any other country, that Bounce—with the capital B—has established itself as a fine art. A glance through the advertisement pages of almost any periodical pub-

lished in America forms quite an interesting study in its way. Well-nigh every firm informs the reader that it has "the largest factories in the world," and does a "bigger business than any other house," with such insistence that the superlative degree loses all significance, and one feels that ere long it will be necessary to devise a term indicative of something which is better than the best.

Within the last few years there has been no more flagrant instance of the abuse of advertisement, than the manner in which our cousins across the water have been booming the so-called triumphs of their horticultural experts. The wonderful success which has attended the work of English experimenters is well known, and this seems to have been rather a sore point with American investigators, and accordingly they have set to work with the very laudable desire of "going one better than the old country." In the pursuit of their labours they appear to have overlooked the fact, that whatever men may desire, Nature is but little inclined to hurry, and the most that humanity can hope to do is to follow a lead which the mother of all things has given. As might have been seen at the commencement this hustling has led to few good results and very little of real value to the gardens of the world has been produced in the States, when we compare the work with that which has been accomplished in Europe. In spite of much dismal failure the advertisement of American varieties goes on apace; each introduction is credited with being better than anything which has ever been placed on the market before, and one feels that in all this noise and push it will not be amiss to put a few of the examples to the simple test of comparison with similar British productions as well as inquiring a little closely into the merits of these novelities.

Free as one might wish to keep from any personalities, there is no gainsaying the fact, that to-day the question of what America has done in the world of horticulture centres round one name—Luther Burbank. Of the individual himself the present writer knows nothing, and would wish to give him

all the credit of being a conscientious worker, anxious to add to the treasures of the garden. If this indeed be so, the man is much more to be condoled with than condemned, as a victim of the very worst form of modern journalism, although it is surely a pity that no protest is made against the treatment. It is almost incredible that a scientific experimenter could speak of the making of a blue rose, as Mr. Burbank is said to have done by an American writer. He is announced to have stated concerning this achievement, "it is one of the easiest things in the world if one should set out diligently upon it, but it would consume very much time in the making, and it would be doubtful, after all, if it added much to the charm of this rare flower;" and later, "he has seen in the consideration of its colouring an easy avenue to a land of blue roses." The foremost rose expert in England, after many years of study and experiment has expressed it as his opinion that the establishment of a strain of really sky-blue roses was a practical impossibility. After an immense amount of labour the bluest rose extant—Sir Rowland Hill—was produced, but this is of a dull purple tint, so unattractive in appearance as to be scarcely worth growing.

Mr. Luther Burbank is the owner of large experimental grounds at Santa Rosa and Sevastopol, California, and he, together with his staff of workers, has called forth a great deal of attention during recent years. The American press never seems to weary of praising everything that emanates from the far western gardens, and the originator of the new varities is hailed with such titles as "magician" and "wizard." More than one British journal has joined in the chorus of approval and published matter which has exposed the appalling ignorance of its staff on the most ordinary botanical and horticultural subjects. Still further, three years ago the Carnegie Institution at Washington expressed itself as so satisfied with the work of Luther Burbank and his fellows that it announced its intention of making a grant to the Californian establishment of ten thousand dollars a year for a restricted

period. It cannot therefore be said of Mr. Burbank that he has no honour in his own country.

It will be instructive to consider the real value of a few varieties which the Burbank experimental stations have given to the world. In this connection it is hardly a matter for wonder that British horticulturists feel that they must raise their voices in protest, when certain plants are put before the public as great novelties which have been known in the gardens of Europe for a generation or more. One of the most audacious examples is the case of the flower introduced as the Shasta Daisy. It is stated that to produce this variety millions of individual specimens were grown, and that the final outcome is the result of the cross-fertilisation of three species of Chrysanthemum; an English variety (presumably *C. leucanthemum*); a Japanese species and an American form. But strange to say the Shasta Daisy is practically identical with a very well-known plant in British gardens—the Pyrranean Daisy (*C. maximum*), a species which most of us can remember from our childhood's days. Printed descriptions of the Shasta Daisy tally exactly with the well-known characteristics of this plant; the largeness of the blooms, the extreme floriferousness of the species, its ease of culture and the great size to which examples will grow; all this may be said for the Pyrranean Daisy. How it can possibly be stated that the ancestors of the Shasta Daisy were British, Japanese and American, passes comprehension. In another of the "floral wonders" which have been sent out from the Californian gardens, with the best will in the world one can see nothing remarkable. A new Poppy creation, about which a great stir has been made, does not seem to differ materially from the ordinary *Papaver orientale*, a common enough species in our gardens, in which the giant blooms are typically red in colour, although there are many varieties exhibiting all shades of the tint. It is claimed that the Burbank Poppy was only obtained after years of labour, and that its most marvellous feature is the fact that its

blooms are sometimes "from eight to ten inches in diameter." Really, there is nothing very wonderful in this, for in hundreds of British gardens the Oriental Poppy displays its handsome blooms to that size, and this plant was introduced into Britain from Armenia nearly two hundred years ago—to be exact in 1714. In the case of other flowers, which it is claimed Mr. Burbank and his workers have improved immeasurably, it must be confessed that more often than not British gardeners can see little of real value in the varieties. A great deal has been said about the new Californian Gladioli, but actually these are immeasurably inferior to those which were introduced a while ago by Kelway or the continental Lemoine. For some unexplained reason the Burbank Amaryllids seem to have delighted the famous Dutch botanist, Professor H. de Vries; this is rather remarkable when one considers the fact that a fellow countryman of the professor, M. de Graaff of Ledden, has given the whole of his life, as indeed his ancestors did before him, to the improvement of the Amaryllids, and with what magnificent results the whole gardening world knows. The Burbank varieties of dahlias, lilies, roses, are much behind those which British growers have long had in cultivation, and most of the other floral innovations are scarcely worthy of detailed consideration.

In the more serious work of the garden it is to be feared that the Burbank "creations" appear in an even less favourable light than the flowers. The most important of all vegetables —the potato—is said to have received a good deal of attention at the Californian trial grounds, but British experts search in vain for any variety which will compare with those of home introduction. In the case of fruits it is not quite easy to see why we in the United Kingdom should grow such a variety as the American "Giant Plum," when our own "Victoria," a kind which quite old-fashioned gardening books talk about, is larger and probably better in every way. As for the "stoneless plum," well, one feels that one would like to know

a little more about this novelty before taking it quite as it is said to be. We have all kinds of weird introductions on our list of what Burbank has accomplished, such as the "plum-cot"—a combination of an apricot and a plum; a cross between a strawberry and a raspberry; another between a tomato and a potato; and so on: It is more than doubtful whether such hybrids will prove themselves to be worthy of any prominent position in the fruit world. Perhaps of all, however, there has been most said about the "thornless cactus." Mr. Burbank claims to have created a cactus, a species of *Opuntia*, which is quite destitute of thorns, the thalli of which are excellent food for man and beast, whilst at the same time the plant produces a delicious fruit, and most startling statement of all, it will thrive equally well in tropical or arctic regions? By means of this truly marvellous plant it is contended that all the desert land in the world will now be enabled to produce food for the service of man, and in Mr. Burbank's reported words, "The population of the globe may be doubled, and yet . . . there would still be enough for all." This plant, for which all mankind is anxiously awaiting, is not yet ready to put upon the market, but it must surely be the most remarkable variety since the dawn of time. Of course, it is too early to criticise the merits of this cactus, although in passing it may be well to place on record the fact that "thornless opuntias" which bear edible fruits are no novelties in Europe; whilst the idea that any cactus could thrive well in the arctic regions is rather difficult to understand, seeing that no species of the group will grow with much success out of doors in England, and then only in the very mildest localities.

It is not more than two or three years ago since the announcement of the production of the "coreless apple" in America by a Mr. John F. Spencer, of Colorado, was sent out to the world. We were told that this was the greatest marvel of the age—an apple tree which bore fruit entirely destitute of core, and of such a fine flavour that it would

eclipse all known varieties. A remarkable statement concerning this apple, which one is sorry to say appeared in a reputable English magazine, is worth quoting:

> The coreless apple does not produce any petalled blossom. In its place is evolved a cluster of green leaves which may best be described as a disorganised bud. It gives off no fragrance, and the destructive Codlin Moth passes it by to the intense delight of the grower. It produces stamens, and possesses a small percentage of pollen. Having no ordinary petals, and being a late variety the tree is practically proof against spring frosts.

Now, in the first place, the immunity which the "coreless apple" is said to enjoy from the attacks of the Codlin Moth (*Tinea pomonella*) is on the face of it pure fiction, for the female insect has nothing to do with the blossoms at all, and does not emerge from the chrysalis until June, when it repairs to the young fruit and lays its eggs in the eyes of the little apples. Secondly, one would think that by this time everyone must know that it is not the *petals* of the flower which have any direct connection with the fruit, but the delicate essential organs, and it is these which suffer from the influence of frost. A flower without petals would be every bit as liable to sustain damage from low temperature as one with a perfect corolla, and perhaps more so. Fortunately English gardeners are cautious and did not start to root up all the existing trees in order to make room for this great apple novelty without first inquiring into the quality of the new fruit. The pronouncement on it has not been at all favourable, it is declared to be of poor flavour in comparison with known varieties, and alas! even its coreless condition seems not to be a thoroughly established trait. Whatever other people may do, we in this country shall prefer to keep to our Cox's orange pippins and Blenheim oranges, for the present at any rate, and put up with the pips in them just as our forefathers had to do. As a matter of fact, there has not been very much said about the coreless apple lately.

There is not the least desire on the part of British horticulturists to discount good work in whatever part of the world

it may be accomplished, but the only possible way in which judgment can be pronounced is on the results. There is no doubt that there is a considerable amount of good work being accomplished in the States, and this being so, it is all the more to be deplored that charlatanism should be allowed to hold such undisputed sway. It is calculated to prejudice all nations against the varieties sent out from American experimental gardens, and indeed is doing so to a considerable extent at the present time.

The system of dealing with plants in vogue at the Burbank establishment differs considerably from that commonly followed in this country. Briefly the scheme consists in the raising of large numbers—at times amounting to thousands—of one kind of plant for the selection of the best, and thus increasing the probability of good varieties coming to light; in addition, of course, the well-known practice of artificial cross-fertilisation of blossoms is resorted to as is required. This method of growing plants on a very large scale, so as to enhance the possibility of success, certainly appears to be all right in theory, in spite of the fact that up to the present our slower style of procedure leads to more satisfactory results. There is one little point which is very apt to be overlooked when considering the merits or otherwise of the varieties sent out from these farms. The Californian climate is admittedly one of the finest in the world, a perfect summer season nearly eight months long followed by a short moist winter—conditions which it would be difficult to surpass for the culture of plants. Under such idyllic circumstances, one would expect to find that wonderful horticultural achievements had been accomplished. Take the case of the thornless cactus, to which reference has already been made. It is said that in three years specimens have been raised from seed which weighed approximately twelve hundred pounds. Such an amazingly rapid development could only take place in a most favourable locality where the conditions were such as to admit of an uninterrupted growth, so that a performance of this nature cannot truthfully be referred to

as a stable characteristic of the thornless cactus. Place one of these plants in an arid desert region, such as Mr. Burbank has undertaken to clothe with vegetation, and does anybody really think that the thornless cactus would grow any more quickly than the plants which already drag out a slow existence in these parched districts. Moreover, in every sense of the word, California is one of the worst countries to practise the raising of new varieties of plants which are to stand the tests of all climates. Instead of the strain becoming inured to all sorts of weathers, it is induced to place a certain reliance upon the stability of the Californian climate, and fares very badly indeed where such conditions do not prevail. The whole aim and object of the plant specialist should be to produce a hardy stock capable of taking care of itself at all times. As is well known, the best potatoes in the world come from Scotland, where the cool summers tend to produce a sturdy strain unequalled in disease-resisting powers. In this respect it is most important that those settling in British colonies as land cultivators should see to it that their material for planting is obtained from thoroughly sound stock. It is pleasant to be able to record that the great British firms fully realise the needs of the colonists in this way and may be trusted to supply genuine strains.

Most American experimenters appear to have fallen under the delusion that size is everything in vegetables and fruits. We hear of quinces which weigh nearly a pound, rhubarb which is of such a huge size as to be almost arborescent, and vegetable roots so big that it is well-nigh impossible to use them in the ordinary way. Size and form, although pleasing to the eye, administer nothing to the palate, and after all taste is the sense which the experimenter should endeavour to satisfy. With special culture it is comparatively easy to grow very large fruits and vegetables, but it is an infinitely more delicate matter to breed into a whole strain the fine flavour which is the hall-mark of a good variety. It is not an invariable rule, but it is very often the case, that the largest fruits and vegetables

are wanting in flavour, and are really of small value when compared with some of the smaller specimens. The fact is so much realised in this country, that at many produce-shows exhibitors are made to understand that the size of the material they send in will no longer be taken into first consideration.

Most persons will admit that there are ways in which the great people cross the Atlantic are in advance, and in which we might well take a lesson from them. Still, in Britain we reserve the right to criticise and judge the work of any nation, and should we discover that what we have already is better than the proffered material, we claim that we are justified in saying so. If the American gardeners have anything of value to teach our horticulturists they will be only too glad to learn. Meanwhile the British plant-breeders continue their quiet labours until on occasion the patient workers are brought anew into prominence by the introduction of some lovely flower, delicious fruit, or prolific vegetable—a variety which shall carry the originator's name to the ends of the earth and add yet one more success to the horticultural triumph of this country.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

AN APPRECIATION OF "THE FAR HORIZON"

IN writing "The Far Horizon," Lucas Malet has achieved success in an experiment daring and difficult in any art. She has discarded those elements of action, atmosphere and personality that most strongly sway the emotions and through which romance readily strikes upon imagination with the force of reality. Youth, passion, wealth, ambition are not motives of action in this book. Its atmosphere is commonplace. Its principal personalities are a man in later life, doomed to a future of inaction because his work is done—and a woman whose future seems hopeless because her strength once proved unequal to the burden laid upon her. These lives appear to be sterile of opportunity either for achievements or for the redemption of past failure. Yet, although her subject does not lend itself to brilliant colours, the artist has touched her picture with an exceedingly lovely light. She has written a romance full of deep human interest, which is at once intensely pathetic and splendid with the inspiration of hope.

As Lucas Malet has not lived in Spain, her Dominic Iglesias is a truly remarkable conception of her genius. It is amazing in its insight into the nature of the most difficult, aloof and sensitive of European peoples. Probably no other type would have served the writer's purpose, because none other could offer such strong resistance to the influences of an alien association and environment. From his infancy, when

some storm of revolution swept his parents to the refuge of exiles in England, Iglesias knows no other land or people. He is merged in the cold unresponsive humanity of the North, and absorbed into its grey life of grim utility. He retains no link of friendship with his blood-kin, nor any memory of existence in the colour and hot sunshine of the South. Yet, despite the associations of a lifetime, despite the overwhelming force of occupation and habit, he remains instinct with the pride and fire of his race—as detached from the mass of mankind about him as though he were a stranger newly come within their gates. The North fails utterly to mould his personality to its pattern, and it fails likewise to tame his spirit. His pride defies its social inequalities. Its soulless commercialism never touches his heart—and money is not master of his mind. He remains as quick in imagination, as easily swayed by generous impulse and noble sentiment, as though he served Spain in the days of chivalrous adventure, instead of serving a London banker of to-day by keeping the ledgers in his counting-house.

The whole conception of Spanish character and temperament, as portrayed in Dominic Iglesias, is so true and his relations with the other characters throughout the book are represented in every case with such absolute consistency and nice accuracy, that the work is a veritable triumph of intuitive thought. It is only possible for one who perfectly understands or profoundly sympathises with the Spanish people. For the key to much that is incomprehensible to Englishmen in Iglesias, lies beyond his individuality in the fierce, tender, lonely soul of Spain. His passionate devotion to the memory of his mother and his curious intolerance of any mention of her, his just resentment and noble altruism with respect to his employer, his patient enduring friendship for Lovegrove, his quixotic sacrifice and murderous rage in regard to the contemptible De Courcy Smyth, the strength of his unshaken hold upon the faith of his fathers—all these seemingly contradictory elements of character, disclosed by the conduct of

Iglesias, are just those national traits through which the Spaniards won and lost the domination of the two worlds. In his swift moods of pride, kindness and anger, in his constant distance of manner and dominant will, this man was an absolute enigma to the people among whom he lived. Consequently his isolation was inevitable. Indeed, his personality is in so sharp a contrast to his surroundings that merely to think of the man is to realise his utter loneliness and feel the pain of it. And the constant oppression of his loneliness is a convincing proof of the writer's power and constructive skill. For loneliness—not emotion—is the original motive of action in this romance.

Impelled by his loneliness, which leisure renders intolerable, Iglesias, in a spirit of revolt, determines to seek distraction in pleasure—to him an unknown solace which fate denied him even in his youth—when some chance eddy in a stream of fashion brings the baffling, imperfect and wholly adorable Poppy St. John into his life. That an Englishwoman has created the complex, alien individuality of Iglesias is an achievement for the literature of her land. That a woman has created the character of Poppy on lines so harshly true, yet loving and tender, is an achievement for art. For this "Lady of the wind-swept Dust" is indelibly coloured with the prejudice that makes the passion of men, however selfish, the subject for excuse or sentiment and pitilessly condemns the passion of women, no matter what force of love, sacrifice, or sorrow compels their surrender. In women—perhaps for their preservation—this prejudice is developed with the strength of instinct. And it argues the possession of an extraordinary power of detachment, a wide sympathy and a fine sense of justice, for any woman to have laid bare the imperfections of Poppy St. John illumined by the untarnished nobility of her nature. This character, however, is even more eloquent of the writer's art than of her personality. It proves her to be endowed with that fine sense of form which is essential for the proper balance and construction of any work. For,

in relation to the character of Iglesias, Poppy St. John is so conceived that this man and woman must be to one another's lives what the rain and sunshine are to a fertile soil. Without the other, the life of each might remain to the end sterile or sown with tares. But the relationship between them quickens potentialities of dormant virtue in both and stirs their souls to the full exercise of power. Iglesias finds in faithful friendship a truer solace for his loneliness than the perilous satisfaction he sought in pleasure. At the great crisis in his life, the stern responsibility and sweetness of this friendship give him the strength and understanding which save him from himself. So that when for a while he loses his friend, and loneliness closes down once more upon him, he turns for comfort not to things of sense but to spiritual forces and passes from blind groping among the shadows of existence, through the searching fire of denial, to the light of faith and accomplishes, in the union of his soul with the Eternal, the greatest achievement that is possible to man, while to the beautiful, pathetic Poppy St. John wandering deep among the shadows, the chivalry and respect of this proud man—who loves her not to use her meanly but to serve her nobly—come with the healing virtue of a strong sea wind. She sickens at the sordid sweetness in which she had sought solace—also for loneliness. To her, the discipline and ennobling influence of this relationship give the strength and understanding which save her from herself at that critical moment when she is free once more to choose her lot in life. And she too passes from among the shadows, through the searching fire of denial, to vindicate her genius in fame and raise her soul to heights far above those to be attained by faith alone—through the sacrament of a life redeemed from deadly sin.

Thus, in so far as it deals with the greatest problem of human existence—the relations of sex—this romance is dedicated to ideals. Nevertheless it possesses every element of a drama of passion. The strength and fascination of the man and the wit and seductive beauty of the woman whose intense

personalities are drawn together by an irresistible impulse of mutual sympathy, their circumstances of isolation and melancholy from which they cannot find relief except in one another, the whole atmosphere and suggestion of the vast city in which they live—all combine to invest their relationship with a sense of incessant strain and danger. And there are moments when it seems as if some sudden wave of emotion must inevitably overwhelm them and sweep them to disaster—as when the sight of the man who has a latchkey to Poppy's door fills Iglesias with fierce repulsion and jealousy which threaten to sever their relations altogether; or later, when under the spell of love confessed, they rise from her balcony—steeped in the sheen of the moon on the tired summer air of London—and pass through her dim-lit, faintly-scented bedroom to bid farewell to the little house of bitter regrets and kindly memories. This was perhaps the most fateful moment of their lives, the hour of their supreme trial—and triumph. And throughout the trial which culminates in this triumph of the soul over the power of instinct and emotion, the writer strikes a note of truth regarding womanhood that is heard in every harmony or discord of human life. For good or evil in the life of every man, the predominant force alike of influence or inspiration is a woman—and it is a woman who most often has to bear the breaking strains of life. It is the gleam of pure gold in Poppy St. John which first arrests Iglesias when, for all his strength and virtue, he deliberately treads the path to perilous places. It is her influence in his life that first inspires the great achievement which transforms it. And from first to last it is Poppy St. John—unblessed by sacred memories and outside the social pale—who bears the breaking strain of the effort of renunciation by which this man and woman attain a perfect relationship.

Full as it is of pathos and beauty, the purely human interest attaching to this relationship does not in itself suffice to explain the purpose of this romance. Its purpose lies in a sphere of action and perspective distinct from that of worldly

considerations. The thought of the writer has penetrated beyond the mould of matter which manifests—and masks—the mystery of life. Her vision of existence is not confined to the buying, selling and begetting which limit the horizon of the ordinary mind. She contemplates the destiny of man upon the limitless perspective of the far horizon which bounds the ocean of material existence with the glory of the uncreated light. And she rightly conceives that the real function of man is to reflect that all-pervading light by the rays of the soul within him. So that, in its infinitely small degree, humanity may hasten the consummation of that ultimate design by which the light shall continue to banish darkness from the universe until the whole fabric of creation stands transparent in its rays. This is the vast mysterious drama of existence in which the creatures of the writer's imagination have suffered, striven and renounced—this is the great design for the consummation of which they have triumphed. And in its proud assertion of the invincibility of the divine element in human nature and the possibility of the immediate realisation of ideals lies the true purpose of this romance—the noble inspiration of which is the message that it carries to mankind.

E. John Solano.

ON THE LINE

IT will be remembered that in 1903 the British Government instructed its Consul at Boma, Mr. Casement, to inquire into and report on the alleged maladministration of the Upper Congo territories. Mr. Casement's report when published (White Book. Africa No. 1, 1904) contained charges against King Leopold's African administration so grave as to be received with mingled horror and incredulity, and as a result of the report, Viscount Mountmorres in 1904 undertook to visit the Congo territory and report his personal experience in a series of letters to the *Globe*. His qualifications for the task were not of course to be compared with those of Mr. Casement, for the latter, in addition to wide experience in West Africa and Portuguese East Africa, had the unique advantage of having travelled in the Congo territory when the Congo Free State was in its infancy, and was thus able not only to compare methods of administration in that country with those in force in the African protectorates and colonies of other sovereign powers, but also to estimate the moral and material effect on the natives of twenty years of King Leopold's administration. The publication in volume form of Lord Mountmorres' report (**The Congo Independent State: a Report on a Voyage of Inquiry,** by Viscount Mountmorres. Williams & Norgate. London, 1906) has been delayed by the illness of the author. This delay, unfortunately, discounts the controversial value of the book, as since the

author's journey to the Congo, the report of King Leopold's Commission of Inquiry, by admitting the charges made against the Congo administration to be true, has altered the whole aspect of the Congo question. From a question as to the truth or falsehood of certain allegations it has become one of what measures of reform should be adopted. As, however, the Belgian Government is now seriously considering the advisability of annexing the Congo territory, and will have to determine what defects in the existing administration have given rise to abuse, it is interesting to examine the views of one who has seen it at work, and who is very obviously in sympathy with the existing government.

The author admits the gravity of the abuses which have arisen from the surrender by the State to concessionaire companies of the right to impose taxes, and declares that "no words can convey an adequate impression of the terrible and callous inhumanity which marks the methods of the territorial companies, nor of the abject misery and hopelessness of the native population." He asserts, however, that the State has granted concessions over only "a very small part of its territories," and is of opinion that "the Independent State of the Congo, in so far as those regions are concerned which are under its immediate rule, has no more reason to be blamed than any other." He must surely be mistaken in calculating that out of the 800,000 square miles covered by the Congo Free State, an area of only 25,000 square miles is exploited by concessionaire companies. According to a map published in "King Leopold's Rule in Africa," by E. D. Morel (Heinemann, 1904), the area exploited by the Abir, Anversoise, Kasai, Kwango, Katanga and Lomami Trusts amounts to 386,412 square miles. To this total must be added the area covered by three smaller ill-defined concessions, and the 112,000 square miles, known as the Domaine de la Couronne. This last is not exploited by a concessionaire company, but is reserved as the personal property of King Leopold. Its officials are responsible not to the Congo Government but

to the king alone, and the territory must therefore be included in the area not directly governed by the State. The territory for which the State is not directly responsible appears by these figures to be not merely a thirty-secondth but considerably more than a half of the whole area of the Congo Free State, and as Lord Mountmorres emphatically condemns the methods of the concessionaire companies, it is important to know which of these calculations is correct. Lord Mountmorres does not seem to consider that the State can be blamed for the crimes of the concessionaire companies. The singularity of this view is the more remarkable in that the State holds from one-third to two-thirds of the shares of these companies.

The author is loud in praise of the extent to which the State has developed its territories; of the rapid transport afforded by river steamers ranging between 15 and 500 tons burden, by motor cars, and by traction engines; of the extent to which communication by telegraph and telephone is possible, and of the magnificence of its public buildings. This rapid development never fails to arouse the admiration of Congo apologists, but its connection with the fundamental question of Congo misrule is not obvious, and certainly does not turn the controversial scale in favour of the Congo State when it is considered at what a cost to the natives in sweat, and too often in blood, this development has been achieved, and that the forced labour of the natives has not only paid for all this, but has yielded a handsome revenue besides. The author also expresses much admiration for the scientific work undertaken by the State: the experimental plantations, the farms for the acclimatisation of domestic animals, and the domestication of elephants; the Government publications issued to all officials containing advice on matters ranging from the care of health to the cultivation of garden produce, and, above all, for the research into the causes of tropical diseases which the State encourages. Such organisation as this compels admiration. Indeed, the whole purpose of the State, as expressed by laws designed in the natives' interest and defined in the pious

utterances of its Sovereign, seems inspired by ideals higher than those of any other sovereign power in Africa. The pity is that an administration capable of devising so high a standard should fall so low as, in order to swell its revenues, to put a premium on extortion by paying its officials commission on a sliding scale on the amount of revenue they can raise, a policy which Lord Mountmorres condemns when employed by concessionaire companies, but ignores when employed by the State itself.

He denies, however, that the tax falls hardly on the natives. No man, he says, can be taxed whose name is not on the district official's register; and yet few try to escape taxation by avoiding having their names registered, for the natives find that a man whose name is not registered is deprived of State protection. One wonders whether the author obtained this information from an official or a native source, or what civil rights the State confers so desirable that a man will pay a fortnightly tax rather than relinquish them. The statement is to some extent discounted in an article contributed to the *National Review* of November last by the Governor-General of the Congo State, in which Baron Wahis naïvely admits that "the natives always move away when the whites establish themselves in any district."

The author would probably admit that much of his information is derived from official sources, for it is too wide and too detailed to have been independently collected during a visit to the Congo territory of only a few months' duration. If this is so, his evidence is naturally not above suspicion of bias; and that he was misinformed on one highly important point is obvious. He declares that "from the very fountainhead downwards the political administration is separated from the judiciary, the Minister of Justice ranking with the Vice-Governor-General, and being answerable, not to him, but direct to his Sovereign in Europe." The Commission of Inquiry, which is unlikely to have been kept in ignorance of anything favourable to the State, reported that no white man

could be prosecuted without the authorisation of the Governor-General, and declared "that it is the moral enfranchisement of the magistrate from his dependence on the administrative authority that is most urgent."

The author's defence of the State's administration where-ever this is direct and not entrusted to concessionaire companies, is enthusiastic but not convincing. His information seems too clearly to have been derived from official and therefore interested sources. He quotes the law which limits the amount of labour that can be demanded from each adult as if it were not on the heartless and deliberate violation of that law that the case against the Congo administration is fundamentally based. He lays stress on the fact that his visits to officials were often unexpected, as if the crimes for which the Congo State is responsible, crimes which were committed for the most part in the depths of the forests by armed native sentries, were a matter of daily occurrence, easy to be detected by any one travelling through the country with discretion and secrecy. Not having personally witnessed any abuses he concludes that the State has suddenly undergone complete reformation, and brushes aside as irrelevant missionary evidence of all crimes not committed within the few months previous to his visit. Ignoring the fact that protests against Congo maladministration were first made by a Swedish missionary, then by the Aborigines' Protection Society, and continued by some fifty missionaries and travellers of various nationalities, he affects to regard the motives of those who impeach the Congo State as interested. In his concluding remarks he says:

> Those who by this system [King Leopold's appropriation of all forest produce] are shut out from a participation in the wealth of these splendid territories, although they may have good grounds for complaining at this exclusion, are not justified in maintaining that the organisation which has the monopoly of this wealth has been guilty of inhumanity or neglect of the interests of the natives in developing its resources.

This veiled sneer at those who are engaged in fighting

a gigantic trust that battens on human misery, a sneer that is constantly repeated in the free literature which King Leopold's secret press bureau distributes in the *wagon-lits* of Continental trains, is hardly worthy of a book that claims to be an impartial contribution to the discussion on the Congo question.

THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XXII

MADAME LA MARQUISE

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

J. Russell Lowell.

"IS Madame de Courset at home?" asked the Duchess.

"I believe the Marquise has not yet left her room, your Grace," said Hewitt distantly.

For the assurances of Mr. Valentine had finally dispersed the doubts of Hewitt, so that he made haste to show his zeal in the service of his new mistress, by resenting any implied slight to her importance.

It was his instinct, apart from training, to be obsequious to Duchesses; even though they should elect to call at unsuitable hours, on foot, and badly dressed, and more obviously in a hurry than was at all compatible with ducal dignity; but the latest domestic *on dit*, had acquainted Hewitt with the fact that there had been a somewhat heated controversy between the Duke and his parent just before the young man's latest visit to Grosvenor Square; and Hewitt had put his own construction upon the only detail which had yet transpired; that

her Grace had been discovered in tears, after the departure of her son.

"Of course she've been and took against the match now there's a heir turned up," reflected Hewitt. "But I can't see as she can *do* nothing, storm as she will, since the Duke's of age. Mrs. Dunham must have been right when she declared that she was sure and certain something was settled yesterday, when he called on Miss Jane; or her Grace wouldn't never have turned out of her bed at this hour of the morning, and come round here seemingly in the worst of tempers."

Therefore Hewitt determined to uphold the dignity of his family by employing a tone of the most distant respect towards the Duchess, instead of exhibiting the reverential urbanity demanded by her exalted rank, when inviting her to enter.

The Duchess waited for no invitation, and heeded the intonations of Hewitt as little as she heeded the colour of the doormat over which she stepped.

"Tell Madame de Courset I will wait," she said, stumping into the morning-room, of which the door stood open, without further ado. "And tell her—here, you had better take up my card—that I should be glad to speak to her as soon as possible."

"How very strange that the Duchess should ask for you, and not for me," said Jeanne, surprised.

"No, do not think it strange," said Anne-Marie, as she rose from the carpet on which they were both kneeling, at play with petit Jean. "It is, on the contrary, what I should have expected, though it is perhaps rather early——" she glanced at the clock, "half-past ten. But there is yet two hours before we must be at the office of M. Valentine."

She smoothed her raven hair, adjusted her flowing black draperies, and went downstairs to meet the mother of her sister's fiancé.

It is certain that the Duchess expected to see no such tall and stately figure, no such gracious dignity and winning

beauty, as suddenly confronted her when Anne-Marie entered the room and closed the door behind her. She returned Madame de Courset's composed and graceful salutation with an agitated nod.

The poor Duchess was neither young nor slim; she was much upset by a wakeful night; she had walked too fast, and too soon after breakfast; and the morning was excessively warm.

It was impossible that she could rise, as she would have wished, to the occasion.

Anne-Marie, acting with the calm decisive promptness to which Louis had referred as her characteristic, opened the conversation without embarrassment.

"I have expected, madame, to see you, since yesterday."

"Expected me?" panted the Duchess, in amaze.

"That you should call so early—that you should lose no moment—even this is to be expected. I, too, am the mother of a son, and can understand," said Anne-Marie, with dignity inexpressible.

Then the Duchess found breath.

"Last night—late last night, my son informed me, that after applying to you, *to you*, for permission, he had asked your—your sister-in-law to marry him.

"It is true," said Anne-Marie. "He had the delicacy to apply first to me, who stand in the place, alas, of her brother, her natural guardian. I am very well aware that in your country this is not necessary; I know that here a man need not even seek the permission of his parents to marry. Myself, I think this a very wrong and terrible thing."

"It is, *terrible*. I am glad you see it in such a sensible light," said the Duchess, feelingly.

"But in this case—for my sister has told me of your amiability, of her stay in your house, and your maternal solicitude—she needs not to have doubt of your approval—of your gladness to accept her as a daughter?" said Anne-Marie; but now there was a questioning accent in her voice.

The Duchess hesitated.

The explanation was not easy. She had, in a thousand ways, invited Jeanne to take for granted that such a daughter would be more than welcome to her. She had been not only affectionate, but effusive, during her stay at Challonslegh; and above all during that last short and moving interview, when she had supposed that Jeanne was about to inherit her brother's large fortune.

"Has something occured to make you change—that you wish it no longer?" asked this clear-sighted questioner.

"Nothing—nothing, so far as Jeanne herself is concerned," said the Duchess, feeling she could say no less. The tears rose to her eyes. She was not unfeeling; and she felt it, besides, very hard that she should thus be forced, of cruel necessity, to appear to be a mercenary woman. That she *was* rather a mercenary woman made it none the less hard.

"Madame de Courset," she said, half-ashamed to find herself appealing, apologetically, to the very woman whom she had yesterday continued to denounce as an impostor, despite her son's assurances that the family lawyer had been aware of the marriage of Louis, and in the existence of his son—"no one in the world—no one, I can assure you, that I have ever seen would suit me better as a daughter than little Jeanne. She is personally, and in disposition, all I could possibly wish her to be."

"*Mais oui, elle est très douce,*" said Anne-Marie, as though she had already divined and understood the somewhat arbitrary character of Jeanne's prospective mother-in-law.

"But my son——" said the Duchess, moving uneasily beneath the calm gaze of those clear eyes, "the Duke, madame, in spite of his rank, is a very poor man."

"*C'est toujours ainsi,*" said Anne-Marie, sympathetically. "In our class we do not make money—we spend it. What would you? *Cela se comprend!*"

The Duchess was petrified. But she knew not how to disagree with Anne-Marie, seated calm and reposeful before

her—so loftily and unmistakably a representative of the *ancienne noblesse;* so entirely and innocently unaware that there could be any doubt of her own complete equality with the Duchess of Monaghan.

"M'yes," said the Duchess, faintly.

There was a moment's pause; the elder lady struggling to recover herself, and the younger politely waiting lest the elder should wish to speak first. Finding this not to be the case, the Marquise came to the rescue of the Duchess.

"Happily," she said, graciously, "though the fortune of M. le Duc is not equal to his position, nor (you will permit me to add, madame) to his merits, this slight misfortune need not, in this particular case, present any obstacle to the union of our families. Since the *dot* of my sister will be so large —if it is this consideration that is troubling Madame la Duchesse ——?"

"It is, it is," cried the mother of the Duke, almost weeping. "I daresay you will think badly of me; one is not supposed to care about such things, but——"

"*Mais pas du tout!*" said Anne-Marie, surprised. "It is surely the duty of a mother to occupy herself of such matters! If not she, then who? In France we should think it strange indeed if she had neglected to inform herself, by every inquiry, of the prudence of the marriage of her son."

"I have always said they manage these things better in France," said the Duchess, wiping her eyes.

She was really a pathetic figure, as she sat on poor Miss Marney's favourite couch; her short stout form outlined against the delicate rose-coloured cushions; her broad face flushed and heated, her grey front (which she had replaced in a hurry on her return to town), more than a little awry, beneath a bonnet so old and so unfashionable that her maid would fain have thrown it into the dustbin, but that it happened to be the one her Grace usually asked for.

"Alas, madame," said Anne-Marie, "it is not always easy, even in France, for those of our order to marry where they

would. That, also, understands itself. But in this case—the *dot* of my sister renders it possible—— "

"But my dear—my dear Marquise," said the Duchess, abandoning the last shred of supposition that this most clear-headed, sensible, and sympathetic of listeners could be an impostor. "*Has* she a *dot?* that is the question. When I asked my son last night, he could tell me nothing. He knew what the poor—her poor brother's intentions originally were, no doubt; but he could only suppose with me that the birth of an heir would have made all the difference. I am sure he would not have willingly trifled with my anxiety," said the poor Duchess, again growing rather lachrymose, "but I cannot say that he expressed the interest in a question of such vital importance to him that a young man in his position ought to feel."

"It is very natural," said Anne-Marie indulgently. "The young leave these considerations to their family. They love, and they think not of such matters. But how could my sister go to her husband, and a husband of a position so great as M. le Duc de Monaghan," said Anne-Marie, with her courteous inclination, "without a *dot?* That would be impossible indeed! These questions are for us, madame, to discuss."

What a reasonable, what a superior creature was this! The Duchess felt almost inclined to embrace Anne-Marie.

"Unless her poor brother left a will," she said hurriedly, "your sister-in-law will, I believe, get nothing at all of the great fortune left by her aunt. Surely, madame, you must be aware of this?"

"Alas, madame, I understand little of your laws. It seems that one child of the same parents can here be given all, and another nothing. Our customs appear to me more just. The children, brother and sister, share alike. Has a woman, then, less need of money than a man?"

"More need, more need," said the Duchess hungrily, "and especially when she marries a poor man."

"My husband," said Anne-Marie, softly, "did make a

will, just after our marriage in South Africa; that his sister might by the law of England have her share of all that belonged to him, in case of his death. And her share was to be the half of all. This he told me, and this he wrote to my sister, and to Mr. Valentine."

"But that was before he inherited this property—before the birth of his son——"

Anne-Marie shook her head wearily, and half-closed her beautiful hazel eyes. She was growing very tired of her interview with the Duchess.

"It makes no difference—none at all," she said gently. "That is the will of my husband."

The Duchess had a heart, though it was a small one; and suddenly, though tardily, it smote her, as she looked at the pathetic young face, framed in the severe French mourning of recent widowhood. She remembered *how* recent, and had the grace to be ashamed of her intrusion, and of what now even justly presented itself to her as her importunity.

"Forgive me," said the Duchess; her loud voice softened.

Anne-Marie smiled faintly, and made a little movement with one hand, as who should say, It is nothing.

"Forgive me; and if I might ask you—say nothing to my son of my visit here. I ought not, indeed, to have come to disturb you, but—but—oh, when your son grows up you, too, may know what it is to have to stand by watching him"—she wrung her hands in a despairing burst of confidence—"watching *them*, in my case, do one thing after another that you would stop if you could. But no, you must not interfere, for they are *men*, and independent, though they be ever so wild or so foolish."

"Is M. le Duc, then, wild and foolish?" said Anne-Marie, in wonder.

"No, no, no! I was not thinking of Denis. My feelings carried me away," cried the Duchess. "I have other sons, less wise, but not less dear than he, poor fellows. Oh no, no, Denis is all that any one could wish. It is for that I am so

doubly anxious that he should marry and settle down and have sons of his own—if only there is enough fortune to make it possible. His conduct has never given me a moment's anxiety in all his life."

"That is what I understood," said Anne-Marie gravely. "When I heard from my sister of the visits of her cousin, which had afforded consolation to her solitude (a consolation that would not have been possible, madame, in our country to a young girl, though attended by so devoted a *gouvernante* as this good Dunham; but I am aware that young girls here are accorded a liberty extraordinary), I, too, found it my duty, as you will readily figure to yourself, madame, to make inquiries. And I had the happiness of learning from the respectable M. Valentine that M. le Duc was of a character irreproachable; otherwise, as you will perfectly comprehend, I could not," said Anne-Marie, with a sad but charming smile, "have accorded my sanction to his application for the hand of my sister."

Thus was the Duchess vanquished and routed in her encounter with Anne-Marie; and so completely that it was not until she reached home that she realised, being by no means a quick-witted woman, that, in spite of the serene assurance of the Marquise, nothing could be known for certain concerning Jeanne's fortune until the will of Louis had been opened.

But the close of the day fortunately put an end to her doubts; when her son—who had every desire to relieve his mother's anxiety as soon as possible, and was, to say the least, and in spite of his love, as much interested in the matter as she was—informed her that Louis had made no fresh will upon succeeding to his property, since the one drawn up and signed immediately after his marriage would, as he had instructed Mr. Valentine, answer every necessary purpose.

This divided all his property, without reference to the amount, in equal shares between his wife and sister, in

accordance with his letter to Jeanne; and appointed her sole executrix.

The situation was perfectly clear, and afforded no difficulties beyond the exact division of the estate; and over this, as the Duke remarked to his mother, Anne-Marie and Jeanne were very little likely to dispute.

"No, indeed, Jeanne is far too amiable; and the Marquise is an admirable person," said the Duchess; forgetting, in her joy, that she had implored Anne-Marie not to mention her visit to the Duke.

"Have you seen her?" he asked in amaze.

"I——I called upon her this morning, Denis," said his mother, faltering.

So they perceived that Madame la Marquise could keep a secret.

Jeanne had intended to break the news of his nephew's marriage to Uncle Roberts by word of mouth, in accordance with the intention Louis himself had expressed; but Anne-Marie, in calm consultation with the respectable M. Valentine, decided otherwise.

"To write, it is better," she said. "Let there be, on this occasion, no more surprises, no more *coups de théâtres*."

"But it is so difficult to know what to write. He does not like letters, particularly long letters; and it would need a very long letter to explain it all," said Jeanne. "And one never knows how Uncle Roberts will take things."

"Then it is as well that you should not be there," said Anne-Marie sensibly. "A man in these circumstances needs time to reflect how he will act. Time also, perhaps, to overcome the first burst of his surprise, it may be his anger—in fine, his emotions, and to compose himself. It is *ce bon* M. Valentine who will write of what he learnt from my husband. He will doubtless send a copy of his letter of announcement, or of such papers as may be necessary. It goes without saying that it is *ces messieurs* who will concern themselves of

business. But for you, you will write of your engagement, and of your filial sentiment; and for me, I have but to ask that I may be permitted to make a pilgrimage to the home of my husband's infancy; and to demand the blessing of his uncle for my son."

The letters were written and despatched in strict accordance with these directions; and whatever Uncle Roberts' emotions may have been on the receipt of the intelligence they conveyed—he certainly took time to reflect and compose himself before he decided upon the proper course of action to take in the matter; for ten days elapsed before his anxiously awaiting niece received an answer to her letter; and to theirs, the lawyer and Anne-Marie received no answers at all.

"Dear Niece," wrote Uncle Roberts in his usual laconic style. "Yours to hand. I hope you may be happy in your choice, and that your Future Husband is a godly man. You will be set in High Places, take heed lest you fall.

"To hear of the poor lad's marriage was a Surprize to Sally Morgan and myself. If it had pleased God to spare him, he would have told me all Himself on his coming Home, this was not to be. I should take it kind of the french Lady he has married to bring his Son to see me. Sally Morgan bids me say the Spare Room is now ready, likewise his that was, and your own.

"May God's Blessing rest on you is the prayer of your affectionate uncle and well-wisher,

"LLEWELLYN ROBERTS."

"Oh, Anne-Marie, do you see? He did not write earlier, only because he waited till the spare room should be ready. How like Uncle Roberts."

"It is the letter of a noble, a pious and a generous man," said Anne-Marie, reading between the lines of the homely yet dignified epistle. "He makes us no reproaches. He speaks

not of his own feelings. I will teach my son to honour him, and we will make the journey together before we return to France."

For Anne-Marie withstood firmly, though gently, all the entreaties of Jeanne, all the arguments of Mr. Valentine, and all the invitations of the Duchess.

She would not prolong her stay in England, she said, by a day, after the marriage of her sister should be accomplished. She would return to her home.

"My son is French," she said, "by birth, by parentage, by descent. Also he shall be French by education, by sentiment, and by association. This would not be possible were he to be brought out of his own country: which would also, to me, be exile," she added, with frankness.

The Duke declared himself on her side, and Jeanne was persuaded to see the justice of her arguments from Anne-Marie's point of view; but not all her reverence for the family traditions reconciled her to the proposals that her nephew should grow up a stranger to the country in which his fathers had been born, and for which they had died, for three successive generations.

It was Anne-Marie who decided that the Marney collection must not be divided, but should belong to Jeanne's share of the property. The Duke rejoiced at the prospect of being enabled to examine the Dutch pictures in detail, and discover as many fresh beauties in them as he chose, for the rest of his natural life.

The house in Grosvenor Square was also to be Jeanne's; and as a set-off, the large and valuable Orsett estates were to be sold for the benefit of Anne-Marie and her son.

"For me——I will buy the Château de Courset," said the Marquise. "It is there my son shall spend his childhood."

"Is it for sale?" cried Jeanne, turning pale with excitement and awe, for the restoration of the château had been among the fondest and most unlikely dreams of her childhood.

"How very fortunate it should be for sale," said the Duke and Mr. Valentine in a breath.

"*Mais non,*" said Anne-Marie, calmly, "it is not for sale. It belongs to a *bon petit bourgeois gentilhomme.* He is a brave boy, and above all a very prudent one. He is also of my acquaintance. When I offer him more money than it is worth, he will certainly not refuse me."

"No, madame, I do not think he will refuse you," said Mr. Valentine, and he looked at the Duke, whose blue eyes twinkled responsively.

He, too, thought it probable that Anne-Marie would get her way.

The event subsequently justified his conviction, for the brave *bourgeois* retired with all possible speed from the Château de Courset, to make room for the Marquise and her son; overwhelmed with the magnitude of the sum offered him for this concession.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LONELY LADY LONELY NO MORE

Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall,
That Death whene'er he call
Must call too soon.

W. S. Gilbert.

Away from London, from the heat and crowd of the season, the rolling of carriages and motors and electric broughams, the clatter of hansoms and rattling of omnibuses in noisy streets, from an atmosphere vitiated by myriads of chimneys, and choked with the dust of the wood-pavements—to the silence of the mountains, to the pure fresh air of the green valleys after the rain, to the May meeting of spring and summer on the flowering hillsides.

At Coed-Ithel the old stone-tiled, ivy-clasped house was no longer bared to the view of every passer-by, through the

gnarled and naked boughs of winter, but was embowered and hidden in blossoming orchards holding aloft their burden of rosy bud and white bloom against a cloudless turquoise sky.

The dark yew guarding the rustic gate stood among the snowy loveliness of the pear trees, like a death's head at a bridal feast.

Golden lights fell through the green leaves of the oaks, upon the grass, now yellow with buttercups, upon patches of wild blue hyacinths, upon violets smothered in growth, and mossgrown stones hiding the trickle of the mountain stream —a torrent no longer.

Jeanne felt that Coed-Ithel needed no apology—no explanation from her, upon such a May-day as this.

Uncle Roberts, alas, had discarded his working-clothes for his Sunday suit; his rust-coloured hair and whiskers bore traces of a recent and liberal application of Macassar oil; but Frenchwomen, though not less delicate, are certainly less squeamish than their English sisters; and if Anne-Marie observed the strong scent of the Macassar (which indeed she could hardly have failed to do, since she embraced her astounded relative on both cheeks before he had time to resist), she accepted it as an evidence of Uncle Roberts' desire to do her honour, and was touched accordingly.

The embarrassment of the occasion was intensified by their reception in the small and musty parlour, which was ill-adapted for the accommodation of so large a party; whereas the farm kitchen was large and lofty, and would have possessed the additional advantage of putting the farmer at his ease among more familiar surroundings.

As it was, Uncle Roberts felt almost like a visitor himself, as he balanced his heavy person carefully on the edge of a horsehair chair, wiped his brow with his red handkerchief and told the Duke that the weather was uncommonly warm for the time of year.

Happily petit Jean came to the rescue with loud, plaintive and reiterated demands for milk, and his frank requests being

translated to the farmer, Uncle Roberts jumped up in great relief, and invited his grandnephew into the dairy, forgetting his previous arrangement that Granny Morgan and her handmaid should bring a tray of refreshments into the parlour, where a space had been cleared for it among the shells and albums and fancy mats upon the centre-table.

Poor Granny Morgan, who had been waiting only for the first ardour of greetings to subside before making her appearance, according to contract, was dismayed to see the whole party pouring thankfully out of the parlour; but she forgot her dismay in the excitement of beholding petit Jean, and the embarrassment of being embraced by Anne-Marie.

"To think of *yon* being the wife of our Louis," she said afterwards to Jeanne. "Foreigner or no foreigner, no Englishwoman could have wore a better crape-dress for the poor boy; nor I never saw none half so deep; and to hear her speak English just like any other Christian, fair amazed me. And the way she took her food! 'Farmer,' I said to your uncle, when he told me her was a-coming, ''tis no manner of use for you to ask me to cook snails for her, nor yet frogs,' I says, 'for I won't do it,' and he give me a scornful look, as much as to say, 'You're showing your ignorance, woman.' You know his way if a body so much as opens her mouth to cross him."

The visitors would have been hard to please had they desired better fare than Granny Morgan spread before them, of home-brewed cider and perry; of tender spring chickens, early peas and gooseberries, and rich wrinkled yellow cream.

The praise of Anne-Marie won the old woman's heart.

"She took her vittles with the best of us, though I doubt she's been used to the grandest of cooking. To think our lad should have had the face—but he was one to dare anything, and I'll warrant he didn't ask her twice, for all she looks like a queen. He had the way with him. But you mark my words, deary, her heart's broke, and I see'd her look at the little boy so sorrowful that I fair went to the back kitchen and burst out crying, for it minded me of the poor lad."

"Yes, petit Jean is very like Louis," said Jeanne, sadly. She waited for a moment, and then said falteringly, "You haven't said a word about—about *him*, Granny?"

"Haven't I, deary?" said Granny Morgan, with well-feigned surprise. "Well then, no more I haven't, so I declare! I've been and forgot to wish you happy, my deary, so here I does it with all my heart," and she kissed Jeanne emphatically.

"But what do you *think* of him? Oh, do say you like him, Granny, for you don't know how good he's been to me."

"I shouldn't wonder if he was good to you, my deary; for I'm not one to judge by appearances," said Granny Morgan, soothingly; "and 'tisn't always the finest fellars as makes the best husbands."

"But indeed—indeed, he is a fine fellow——"

"They says Love is blind," said Granny Morgan, lifting her hands admiringly, "and so I'm sure he'd need to be sometimes. When I heard you was to marry a grand lord, says I, here's a to-do, and however did he come for to pick up with our Jenny! says I, mazed-like. But now I've see'd him, deary, why 'tis all to be understood; for he's but a slip of a boy, and a lame one at that, who would be looking for a straight comely maid to tend him, like; but you showed your sense, my deary, in taking him, for half a loaf be better than no bread; and now you'll be a lady, which all the money in the world wouldn't have made ye if a gentleman hadn't come along to make you one. But to think of him alongside of our Louis, oh deary me," and she wept into her apron.

Jeanne cried for company, but she blushed too as she recognised in Granny Morgan's crude reflections the echo of her own past impressions of Denis. She too had once seen that he was little and lame and delicate—and had seen nothing else.

The *succès* of Anne-Marie, glad as she was to note it, was counterbalanced in poor Jeanne's eyes by the obvious failure

of her childhood's friends to recognise any remarkable qualities in her betrothed husband.

The exaltedness of his rank did not impress them, because to the inhabitants of Coed-Ithel a duke was a lord, like any other lord; and one title just as good, or of as little account, as another, according to your principles.

Uncle Roberts objected to all titles, in what he chose to call "the abstrack"; but to show he was not proud, and that he knew his manners, and had no ill-feeling towards his niece's future husband, he called Denis "my lord" once or twice in the course of conversation, or whenever he remembered to do so. Most of his remarks were naturally addressed to the Duke, because Uncle Roberts never, if he could help it, talked to persons of the inferior sex when a man was present, and the force of habit was too strong to be overcome.

But though he talked to Denis, he looked at Anne-Marie and at the little boy beside her; and his face betrayed a sad wonder, and almost awe, as he watched them both.

After supper, and when petit Jean had been borne away upstairs by his nurse, Uncle Roberts seated himself in the porch, with his pipe, and smoked and enjoyed the mildness of the May evening as his custom was; and it was then that Anne-Marie, in her long black draperies came to bear him company, and talked to him in her pretty broken English as she sat beside him.

Jeanne, beholding her uncle absorbed in listening to those low clear tones, stole through a side door, with her lover.

They wandered through the blossoming orchards, and climbed together the rising grass slopes behind the farm, and watched the moon rise over the edge of the fir-crowned hill, whilst yet the afterglow of the sunset had scarcely died from the clear pale evening sky.

Her heart was too full for much speech; and Denis, divining the sadness of her thoughts, was silent too, yet knowing that his presence and his sympathy comforted her without words.

She led him presently to a seat beside a clump of oaks, near the fallen walls of a stone cot, which had stood upon the mountain before the oaks were planted, and when the grim giant yew now overshadowing the ruin was still young; and they rested, and listened to the ceaseless song of the mountain brook, and the sleepy twittering of the birds, disturbed by the rising of the moon.

"Here we used to play," she whispered, "and here Louis used to tell me all he meant to do when he was grown up and now——what is left of it all?"

"A memory that will never die in the hearts that love him —his share in the example and inspiration that heroes leave to weaker men——" There was a silence, and Denis added gently, "His son will carry on the traditions of his house."

"Yes, there is petit Jean," said Jeanne wistfully. "I thank God for petit Jean. But oh Denis——" she crept closer to him, "he will not be mine as Louis was. He belongs to his mother, and she to him, and both to Louis. I feel it more and more each day. I have thought sometimes lately that--that even if he had come back—it might have been like that. There would have been very little place for me. They would have filled each other's lives——"

The Duke had, perhaps, already thought of this, and wondered if the little sister had been spared, in her sorrow, many a disillusion almost harder yet to bear than grief itself; but he was loyally silent concerning these reflections.

"You and I, too, will fill each other's lives. It is Nature," he whispered.

He took her into his arms, and she clung to him and was consoled; a little consoled in the midst of her tears—which were no longer bitter, but only sad and tender.

Her utter dependence was very sweet to him, and he understood this childish human sorrow better than he understood the strange unearthly resignation of Anne-Marie—to whom, for her part, these young lovers seemed but children, playing at love.

When they returned to the house, that the Duke might take leave of his host, and enter the fly which was waiting to conduct him to the little hostel down in the valley—they found that Anne-Marie had already retired, and that Uncle Roberts was awaiting them alone, shaking the ashes of his pipe into the kitchen fireplace.

His nature was not formed for excess, either of melancholy, or of mirth; but it was easily to be discerned that something had pleased him, and he took them immediately into his confidence in the matter.

"Jenny——" said Uncle Roberts, "d'ye know what I've been thinking?"

"No, uncle."

"Why that I shan't have to go over to Tref Goch, and pay another thirty shillings to old Lawyer Williams for making a fresh will, after all—as I'll be bound he do expect. For I left my farm and all my worldly goods as I do possess, to Louis de Courset, d'ye see, and under that will, as sure as I'm alive, the Louis de Courset as is sleeping upstairs will get the lot."

Jeanne's tap at the door of the spare room was so gentle that it passed unheard; and very softly she opened the door.

Petit Jean lay asleep on the narrow bedstead in the corner; and by the centre table, with her back to the opening door, all unconscious of intrusion, Anne-Marie knelt before a crucifix.

There, also, was all that remained to her of Louis—a little row of medals, and the Cross of his Order; but he would have prized them beyond everything in the world, and she hated and treasured them.

What was left?

A photograph, a wedding ring, and a packet of letters.

Her black hair fell like a mourning veil over her white draperies; her face was hidden upon her outstretched arms; her hands were clasped in a silent agony of supplication,

Awed and trembling, Jeanne closed the door without a sound upon that holy place of love and sorrow. She dared not enter, nor make her presence known. It was, to her, as though the soul of Louis were keeping guard over his wife's secret anguish ; as though she, too, had "watched an angel pray."

Jeanne and Denis were married in London, later in the summer, and they kept the date, place, and hour of their wedding a secret from all save their nearest relatives, that it might be as quiet and private as possible.

Yet when the time for the ceremony arrived, there sat Cecilia, in a front pew, with her eyes starting out of her head.

During the honeymoon, Jeanne had the happiness of beholding at last the home of her ancestors, though she was disappointed to find it no fine palace, but a plain three-storied, green-shuttered mansion, with slated roof, and a tall poplar set at each corner, standing among coppices, streams, and pollards, in the flat, uninteresting country of the Boulonnais.

She has, however, the consolation of living in as romantic and turreted a castle as Ireland can boast; in a country not less wildly picturesque, nor less well-timbered and well-watered than her native Wales.

The Marney Collection is displayed to advantage in wide and lofty galleries, where space and light abound, and where the owners need fear no deterioration from London smoke or fog.

The Marney thousands have restored Cuilmore, and brought peace and plenty to many humble homes. The old servants have been pensioned off and dispersed ; only Dunham and Mrs. Pyke live with Jeanne, in a corner of the great castle, with a maid to wait upon them in their old age ; in the evening they play double-dummy together, and think, doubtless, of their old mistress, and wear out such portions of her wardrobe as Dunham does not still feel it her duty to hoard in cupboards, with little bags of camphor among the folds.

The Romney portrait looks down upon poor Miss Caroline's

ancient harp, and upon her gilt furniture, and upon the Book of Beauty, still kept faithfully upon the occasional table next the sofa by the orderly little Duchess; but the miniatures of the young Marquis, page to Madame Royale, of the Chevalier Charles, and the Chanoinesse Anne-Marie, have gone back to the Château de Courset—they are the property of Jean-Louis.

And the windows of the new morning-room look out upon a wide green park and a rolling river, and distant blue hills instead of into a London street.

For the house in Grosvenor Square is dismantled, and the rooms are empty. The policeman, passing on his beat, sees no more a lonely lady gazing from the window; but instead, a board, with the inscription, To be Let or Sold.

(*Concluded*)